THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

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THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CHAPTER I.

"Attention!" cried Ludwig, whose stentorian voice, ringing through the whole extent of the tavern, rose above the tumult of the assembled students.

"My friends," said he, "before we separate, our comrade Frederic de Neuberg asks your attention to an important communication."

At this name a man, seated in a recess at the end of the spacious room, in comparative solitude at a small table, suddenly started and turned round to gain a better view of the young student thus announced. Frederic de Neuberg was apparently very young. His figure, tall and powerful, was at the same time graceful and elegant. His features, which were of remarkable regularity, bore the impress of a resigned grief and pensive melancholy, that contrasted strangely with the clattering of glasses, the wild tumult and joyous songs around him. He rose, and the others listened in attentive silence:—

"Friends and comrades," said he, in a firm voice, "I am glad, when thus surrounded by so many of you, to take this opportunity of asking, if during the few years I have spent in the University, any one has found aught with which to reproach me; and if I have not always conducted myself as a true and loyal student?"

"Always, always!" repeated many voices in chorus.

"As for me, I have one charge to make against him," said Ludwig, in a grave and steady tone.

"What is it?"

"He has mixed water with his wine in my presence; and has never had more than one sweetheart at a time."

There was for a moment a general laugh.

"I must plead guilty to the charge," resumed Frederic, smiling, "nevertheless, I trust it will not greatly diminish your esteem for me. I wished to hear this from your own lips, that I might carry with me, in my departure from the University, the consoling reflection that I leave behind the memory of no fault, of no wrong, for which I failed to make reparation."

These last words elicited a general hurra, and numerous questions.

"What is all this?" "Your departure?" "Are you going?" "Why do you leave?"

"Alas! yes; I must leave you, dear comrades. I must try to live elsewhere, since I have no longer the means to live here."

"How is that?"

"It is easily explained. My father, the Baron de Neuberg, who was a brave soldier, had no other means of living than that derived from his pay; my poor mother received her pension as his widow—and since the death of my dear mother"—here the voice of Frederic trembled in spite of himself—"I have nothing left."

There was a moment of painful silence, as the young men regarded each other. Though their hearts were good, their purses were light; no one spoke.

"I have sought for employment," continued Frederic, in the same tone. "I at first thought that the Government would receive and pay for the services of the son, since it had taken the life of the father. I was deceived. The Minister dismissed me with the harsh reply, that there were already twenty times more applicants than places. I can find no employment in this city; but as I do not intend to live dishonestly or in debt, I am resolved to leave. The world is before me; and it has always employment for brave men. I hope to find the means of living—poorly, without doubt—yet honestly. Therefore my brave friends, my good comrades, I bid you all adieu; and I wish you more happiness than has yet fallen to the lot of Frederic de Neuberg."

Frederic sat down as he finished these words.

"In faith, my dear Frederic," said Ludwig, breaking the general silence; "if you have all that we wish you, you will have nothing more to desire. Unhappily we are all reduced to good wishes. The purse of a student is not that of Fortunatus: it is more frequently empty than full—and mine, confound it, is at this moment just like this bottle—perfectly dry!"

"My dear Ludwig!" Frederic replied, "I never doubted your good will, but I will take no advantage of it; my resolution is formed, I go to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated many voices.

"To-morrow, at least—I know not. 'Man proposes, God disposes.' The future belongs not to us."

"Who knows, indeed!" replied one of the students. "He may be going to gain an inheritance, and will wake up to-morrow morning,—a millionaire."

"Or, he may find the purse of Fortunatus, of which we were just speaking," added another.

"My dear friends! the time of fairies and of talismans is past; but I have read, I know not where, of two, which yet remain to aid us in our search after wealth and happiness; a pure conscience and determined industry—I have both, thank Heaven! and I will always have them; therefore I am not anxious about the future. I hope little, but I fear nothing."

"Bravo! that, however, shall not prevent us drinking again, for the last time, to your health. And I hope that for once, and without disturbing your aquatic habits, you will do us justice. You know that while there remains in the old house of Ludwig one drop in his bottle, one morsel in his cupboard, one whiff in his pipe, he will always be ready to share them with you. So, a fig for sorrow, hurra for joy! and let us drink with a glad shout, to the health of the traveller."

Saying these words, he emptied the bottle into his glass. The others imitated him, and drank for the last time.

After this toast all the young students pressed in turn the hand of Frederic, begged him not to forget them, and went away one after the other. When Frederic was alone, the firmness which had hitherto supported, now deserted him. He sunk upon his chair, and placing his elbows upon the table, and his face in his hands, seemed buried in deep thought.

The man, who had hitherto remained unnoticed in the far end of the hall, now rose without noise, and approached the student. He was a tall, thin, and aged man, enveloped in a large cloak; his features, strongly marked, had a frank and noble expression. The gray hairs that escaped from his large-brimmed hat, and floated down to his neck; and the thick eyebrows that o'ershadowed the bright, yet mild eyes beneath, added to the remarkable expression of his face. When Frederic raised his head, his glance was met by that of the stranger, and he involuntarily started. He rose to depart.

"No; you must remain, Frederic de Neuberg;" said the old man, taking hold of his arm, "I wish to speak with you."

"With me, sir? Do you know me?" asked Frederic, greatly surprised.

"Without doubt. Be seated. We have still a few moments for conversation, since you do not go till to-morrow."

Frederic regarded him with renewed astonishment.

"May I know, sir, to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"To one of your *friends, Frederic; or* rather to one who wishes to become so. If I were to tell you my name, you would certainly not recognize it; therefore it is of little consequence. It is of you and your affairs that I would speak. You are about to quit the city. Well, for my part, I advise you to remain."

The kind tone of voice with which the unknown spoke; his frank and noble manner, evidently made a strong impression upon the young man. He therefore replied without hesitation—

"I assure you, sir, I have not taken this determination without deep regret; but unhappily I have no alternative."

"You are perhaps too easily discouraged. Have you sought assistance from your friends?"

"*My friends!* I have no friends, excepting a few poor students like myself; and, far from being able to give, they themselves need assistance."

"Ah! well; and I?"

"You, sir! Pardon me, but I do not know you—and—"

"You are confounding the matter. I know you, and that is sufficient. Tell me, what do you need?"

"Sir, I cannot accept—"

"Listen, Frederic: this is trifling. I offer you my assistance and such influence as I have. It seems to me you can have no good motive for refusing them; for in accepting them, you do not bind yourself to anything. As for my motives, they are very simple. I knew your family—I know you. You appear to be an honest and a brave lad. I wish to be useful to you: it is one of those acts of Providence, of which you were lately speaking."

The astonishment of Frederic was even greater than before: but the unknown had evidently gained an ascendancy over him, and he knew not how to reply.

"Let us see," said the old man, attentively regarding him, "we must arrange our preliminaries, and then find what is wanting. If I may believe that sad countenance, you have two sources of deep sorrow:—the one is in the purse, the other in the heart."

"Sir!"

"Come; I have conjectured rightly—you feel a strong and absorbing passion, and you must abandon the chaste object of your love, because you have not wealth. That is doubly sad: and yet, a little money would remedy all, and enable you to remain here. Is it not so?"

"Sir—"

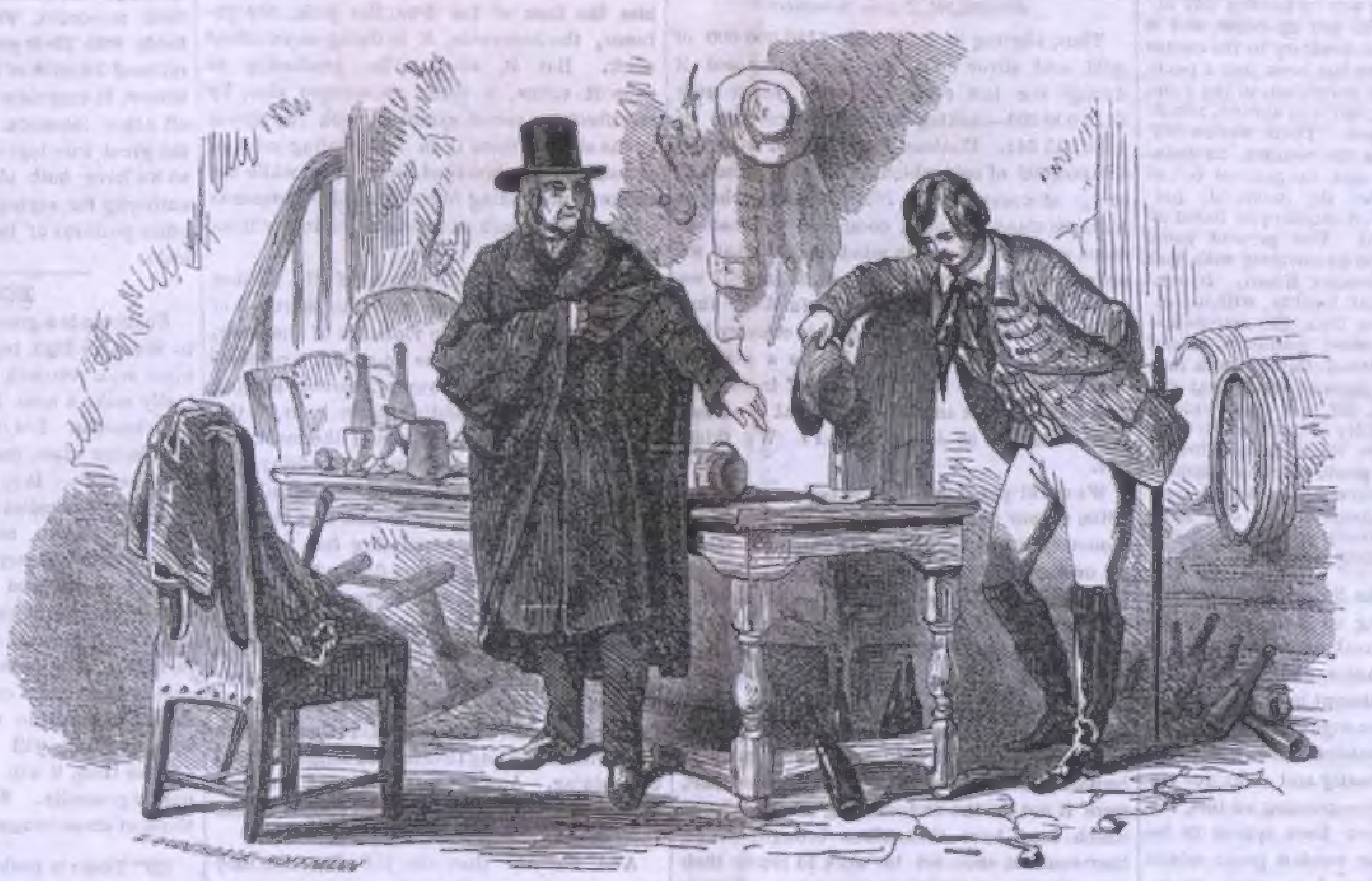
"Well, we will try to find some, but in the meantime, young man, I do not forget that I am speaking to the Baron de Neuberg. I hope that you can avow the object of your love, and that she is worthy of your name."

"Without doubt," replied Frederic, entirely subdued by this strange personage. "Her birth, her beauty, her fortune, not only render her worthy of me, but alas!—I am not worthy of her!"

"Good, good! We shall see. That may perhaps be arranged. Does she share the sentiment she has inspired?"

"Ah! I dare not hope it. I have hardly dared to speak to her."

"How, then, did you become acquainted with her?"



FREDERIC AND THE UNKNOWN.

"By chance; or rather, as you would say, sir, by one of those strange meetings brought about by Providence. Last year—for a year has already passed since I saw her for the first time—I happened to go into the Cathedral, and with no assignable motive. It was entirely empty. I wandered through the spacious aisles, admiring the splendid tints of light reflected through the painted glass upon the broad pavement below, and pondering upon the religious majesty of the sanctuary. My heart was penetrated by sublime thoughts of eternity, and I became gradually lost in profound thought. I was sauntering mechanically beneath the overhanging galleries, with heart and eyes elevated toward Heaven, when a sudden unexpected turn brought me to the door of one of the side chapels. I entered it, and stopped; struck with surprise and admiration. She was upon her knees, praying at the altar. No! I cannot depict to you all that I felt at that sight. Never had such beauty, such grace, such elegance met my view. She was on her knees, gracefully inclining to the altar; her eyes raised upward, and her lips parted in her gentle prayer. All that the soul can image of inborn purity, of faith, of charity, of love, were reflected upon her celestial features—upon her angelic countenance; in the mild and chaste light of her brilliant eyes. Yes, from that moment did I love; have ever loved; shall ever love her. Often have I seen her since, for I always sought her. I have even dared to address her;—I have heard the tones of her sweet voice;—I have seen her blush at my approach; she sometimes smiled, but her eye ever sought the ground. Oh! she knows that I love her, I am sure of it! How could she not know it? But it was a beautiful dream!—I have lost all at once."

Hurried onward by deep and strong feeling, Frederic had spoken freely and without restraint. He now stopped, overcome by the remembrance of his misfortunes, and the hopelessness of his lot. The unknown had regarded him with much interest and attention. He asked—

"Is this all?"

"Yes!" replied Frederic, regaining a calm demeanor, and somewhat ashamed of the confidence he had so precipitately given to a stranger. "It is all. It is enough for me, for it is all over."

"But no; no, my son," said the old man, "I am satisfied with you, Frederic. Sentiments so pure and so natural, charm me; and I see with pleasure that I have not been deceived in you."

While saying these words he took the hand of the young man and pressed it warmly.

"But let us proceed, let us arrange our business—you doubtless know her name?"

"Sir, her name does not belong to me. I—"

"What! are you afraid to compromise one whom you happened to meet in the Cathedral? Nonsense; you are not the only one, depend upon it, who has seen her there. But you must remember that to be able to serve you, I must be assured that this young girl is worthy of your love. What is her name?"

"Constance de Rosenheim," said Frederic, blushing.

"Constance!" quickly repeated the old man, but he seemed to restrain himself, and pressed again the hand of Frederic. "You have indeed made a good and excellent choice, my son; only—you are right—she is above you. But we must not despair. Have you been admitted to the house of the Count de Rosenheim?"

"No," replied Frederic; "I do not know him; how, then, could I be admitted to his house?"

The old man rose and made one or two turns in the hall; he then approached Frederic, who was regarding him with increasing astonishment.

"Let us hasten," said he, "time presses.—You were speaking but just now of talismans; I have some—I will give them to you."

"How, sir?"

"Certainly. Wait." He went to one of the lights which were burning on the table, and made upon paper the impression of a signet ring, which he wore on his finger. "First take this—show it to-morrow to the landlord of the Golden Lion; he will give you lodging and entertainment in his hotel. Next," continued he, giving him another impression, "take this to the banker Muhlenberg, and demand from him five hundred florins; he will give them to you without difficulty."

"How, sir?"

"Without doubt. Finally,—and this is the most precious—take this." He placed in his hand a small medal, curiously wrought. Frederic looked at it with increasing wonder.—"You must always carry it about you. Go with it to the house of the Count de Rosenheim; he will receive you as the son of his best friend."

"Sir, you are jesting with me, and—"

The countenance of the old man was so grave and noble, his aspect was at once so benevolent and so proud, that Frederic could not proceed, but remained silent, with his hand open, holding the talismans. At this moment the waiter entered.

"Do the gentlemen want anything more?" he asked.

"Nothing; we are going," said the old man, and he retreated towards the door.

"But, sir," said Frederic, following him.

"Be silent, and adieu! We shall meet again. Above all, do not follow me; I forbid it!"

The unknown accompanied these words with an imperious gesture that made Frederic recoil, and rapidly departed. The latter remained motionless, overwhelmed with surprise, and not knowing what to think; turning over and over again in his hand the talismans which the old man had entrusted to him. The impression of the ring bore some hieroglyphic characters, and a device in three words: "*Mens conscia recti.*"

"It is inconceivable," murmured Frederic. "He had not the appearance of one mocking me. We shall see!"

CHAPTER II.

On the following morning Frederic was in a strange perplexity. He certainly did not believe in the existence of sorcerers, and therefore had no great confidence in the talismans which had been so unexpectedly transferred to him. Nevertheless he was strongly tempted to try their power; both because he regarded the unknown as a whimsical original, and because he was unwilling to neglect any means, however unpromising, that might extricate him from his present difficulties.

"This man," he thought, when pondering over the events of the preceding evening, "is, without doubt, well-known to the landlord of the Golden Lion; and the impression which I am to give him, is a kind of bill payable at sight, which will be placed to his account. After all, what do I risk? I am determined to leave the city, and if I am the dupe of a foolish jest, I will be the first to laugh at it; and that will be all—no one else will know it."

Decided by this last reflection, he took his portmanteau and directed his steps to the Golden Lion. It was one of the best hotels in the city. When he reached the door, Frederic could not help feeling some hesitation, and was almost inclined to give up the attempt; but he regained his resolution, and entered.

"What is your will, sir?" said a waiter to him, with a somewhat saucy manner, which he thought justified by the modest exterior of Frederic.

"I wish to see the landlord."

"He is busy," replied the waiter, casting a glance of contempt at the little portmanteau which Frederic carried, "but if the gentleman wants a room—"

"I wish to see the landlord," repeated Frederic, in a calm but determined tone.

"Very well, sir; step in here, and take a seat for a few moments; I will call him."

In a few minutes the landlord entered the little office, in which Frederic was seated. He was a tall, thin man, with a bald head, and remarkably bright and piercing eyes. Frederic took in his whole exterior with a single glance, and that glance encouraged him.

"What do you wish, my dear sir?" said he, in a kind and lively voice, but which somewhat embarrassed Frederic by the difficulty of finding a proper reply.

"Sir," said the young man, endeavoring to regain his composure, "I am in want of lodging, and—"

"Very well, sir."

"Pardon me," interrupted Frederic, "I ought to tell you at once, that I have been sent to you by a person with whom I suppose you must be well acquainted, for he directed me to hand you this."

He at the same time took the impression from his pocket, and handed it to the landlord. The latter, evidently surprised, took it and examined it carefully, turning it over on all sides; then, with increased astonishment, he raised his eyes, and addressed Frederic,

"But, I do not understand you, sir. What do you wish me to do with this?"

"Good!" thought the youth, "I have been duped. I must try to get out of the scrape as honorably as possible. "On my word, I know nothing about it," said he, laughing, "I give it to you as I was directed."

The landlord turned upon the young man so penetrating a look that it well nigh disconcerted him, and replied,

"You suppose that I must be well acquainted with him! Pray what kind of person was it that told you to give me this?"

"I know nothing about him," said Frederic, still laughing—"I am not at all acquainted with him; but I certainly thought you would know him well. I see I have been the victim of a foolish jest. At all events I sincerely ask your pardon."

Saying these words, he resumed his portmanteau. The landlord regarded him attentively. Then, little by little, his countenance cleared up, and he also began to laugh to the great surprise of Frederic.

"After all," he said, putting the impression into his pocket, "it is pleasant enough! The idea is a new one. I am somewhat curious to see how it will end."

These words redoubled the surprise of Frederic, who in his turn regarded the host with astonishment.

"You seem to be an honorable young man; and I should be sorry to see any one amusing himself at your expense!"

"Bah"—thought Frederic.

"Perhaps this is the beginning of an adventure, which will end profitably and pleasantly to both of us; and I should be unwilling to interrupt it."

"Indeed!" thought Frederic, in undiminished amazement.

"At all events, if it is a jest—well; I am willing to share it, that is all!"

The landlord rang and a servant appeared.

"It is incredible!" murmured Frederic, absolutely at a loss what to think.

"Conduct this gentleman to No. 15, which is empty, and inform him of the customs and hours of the house. The gentleman will dine at the 'table d'hote.' Your pardon, sir; will you favor me with your name?"

"Frederic, Baron de Neuberg."

"That is sufficient. Conduct the Baron—" making a sign to the waiter; then with a polite bow to Frederic, he left the room.

The young student could not master his astonishment. The servant led him to a very pleasant room, handsomely furnished, and told him of the customs and hours of the house. Frederic almost believed he was dreaming. When alone, he threw himself upon the sofa, and was lost in deep thought. The result of his meditation was this single exclamation, "It is incredible."

The landlord certainly did not know the stranger. He had at first regarded the impression as a mere mockery, and had only gradually yielded to some hidden influence, of which he himself was not aware. But how imagine the existence of such an influence! The very thought was absurd.

At last, after having again and again traversed his room, Frederic came to the following result: "Either the talisman is real, or it is not. If the landlord has yielded to its power, the banker will also do so. But if it fail with the banker, the natural conclusion is, that the landlord gave way only to the excitement of strongly aroused curiosity. It would then be dishonest to take longer advantage of it, and to contract a debt which I have no means of paying. Therefore it is absolutely necessary to try the talisman's influence with the banker without further delay; and if unsuccessful, to depart on the morrow.

He could not conceal from himself that this trial was a more difficult attempt than the former. He was about to demand five hundred florins, and from a man probably less accessible than the host. Nevertheless, his previous success had emboldened him; and Frederic took his way to the banker with increased confidence.

The banker received him very politely. He was a short, stout man, with a graceful and pleasing address. He asked the reason of his visit.

"Sir," said Frederic, gaily, "I have come to present you a draft payable at sight, for five hundred florins. Its form is perhaps singular enough; but I think you will not be surprised at it."

And he gave him the impression. The banker received it with indescribable astonishment; he turned it over and over again, precisely like the landlord; and having carefully examined it,

"I ask your pardon," at length he said, laughing heartily; "but I am *indeed very much* surprised. I have never before seen such a draft! 'Mens conscia recti.' That is a very excellent sentence, but of very little use as a bill of exchange. The axiom is current at the University; you should have presented it to the Rector. It would only embarrass me upon 'Change."

While saying these words, the banker kept his eyes upon Frederic, and continued to laugh gaily. This merriment had its effect upon the young man.

"The person who gave it to me," said Frederic, "assured me that it was worth the sum named. If the unknown has deceived me, may God forgive him! After all, he has not done me much wrong; and you alone, sir, have a right to complain; for I have disturbed you, and caused the loss of your time. I ask you a thousand pardons."

"The loss is no great one," said the banker, politely. "I shall be sorry, my dear sir, if this affair puts you to any inconvenience. You have, perhaps, depended upon this sum?"

"On my word, sir, I candidly confess that I have."

"Ah! well, we will arrange the matter. It is to the Baron de Neuberg, is it not, that I have the honor to speak?"

"Yes, sir," said Frederic, unable to divine the aim of this question.

"Very well, Baron; I flatter myself that this little affair may be the beginning of an acquaintance, useful and agreeable to both of us. Your name is sufficient guarantee; besides, the sum is but a small one; I shall not hesitate to put in your hands the five hundred florins.'

Frederic did not reply. The banker opened his desk, and counted out the money to him with much good humor and politeness, and afterwards conducted him to the door.

Frederic, having reached the street, walked homeward like a person in a dream. He stopped two or three times to touch and weigh the coin he had received, as if to convince himself that he was not the dupe of an allusion. In spite of himself, he could not help thinking of the popular superstition which supposes that money obtained by magic, will finally be changed into withered leaves, or some other rubbish.

"Well!" he thought, as he walked homeward, "I could have explained this adventure if the host and the banker had immediately accepted my impressions. My unknown might then have had some business transactions with them, and the impressions, under a preconcerted arrangement, might have been considered as the signs of his obligations to repay them whatever they advanced to me. But, no!—they both received me with the utmost astonishment; appeared disposed, the one to be angry, and the other to laugh at me; and then, little by little, all was changed—they submitted to the invisible power, and smilingly gave me all that I asked! It is incredible—inconceivable!"

He had hastened his steps under the influence of these reflections, and found himself at the door of the hotel. He then remembered that he had yet to prove the effect of a third talisman—by far the most precious; that which was to open to him the doors of the Count de Rosenheim. It was important that he should present himself with an exterior that might prepossess the latter in his favor. Thanks to his visit to the banker, he was now comparatively rich; he therefore went to a celebrated tailor, and selected a plain but becoming suit. No longer able to resist his impatience, he put the precious medal into his pocket, and went to the residence of the Count.

His heart beat violently when he reached the entrance. What was he about to do? Good Heaven! must he rest his hopes upon the secret influence of a small medal, which he was not even allowed to show, and expose himself to be treated as an insolent adventurer? What could he say, if the Count asked him the object of his intrusion? His resolution failed, and for some moments he hesitated whether he should proceed or return.

"But what do I risk? Have I not already twice succeeded? And besides, what evil can the Count imagine in my visit? If the talisman fails, I will retreat as honorably as I can. 'He who hazards nothing, gains nothing.'"

With this reflection he caused himself to be announced to Count de Rosenheim.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Every One Should Work.—Our duty in this world is to try and make it what God intends it shall become; we are His tools. To do God's work in the world is the duty of all, rich and poor, of all nations, of both sexes. No human being has a right to be idle, no human being must use the earth as a table, and "eat off his own head." Whatever comes under our hands, should be bettered by the touch of our fingers. The land we own, we should drain, and make more fertile for ever. The children who are in our power should be educated. If a sickness falls upon our town, we must try to stop its progress, and to alleviate the sufferings it occasions. If an old roof lets in the rain, we must new slate it. If an old pot comes to us to mend, we must mend it the best we can. And we must train ourselves to do our work well.—*Barbara L. Smith.*

☞ The man who wrestled with adversity wore out his silk stockings, and got worsted.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ In consequence of the absence for a short period of our Assistant Editor, we are compelled to delay the examination of numerous manuscripts. Our correspondents therefore will please have a little patience.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

As neither Grace Greenwood's nor Mr. Duganne's story is quite completed yet, we have concluded to fill up the interval by the publication of the capital story of "THE UNKNOWN FRIEND." The illustrations for this story have been drawn by Mr. White, one of the best artists in this city, and the engravings executed by a firm whose name is a guarantee of their excellent workmanship.

A FINANCIAL PANIC.

The news comes from New York and Boston, that the Banks of those cities have resolved to increase their discounts, beginning with an increase of three millions of dollars in each city. It is good news—but calculated to engender a very unfavorable opinion of the recent course of the New York City banks. For how have circumstances altered, save for the worse, since they resolved upon that rapid withdrawal of some fifteen millions of dollars from the hands of the business community? Not wishing to think ill of our neighbors, and supposing that some good reason might be visible to the initiated, that those outside of the walls of the Banks could not perceive, we took it for granted that nothing but the direst necessity had prompted the stringent measures they had adopted. But, having adopted those measures; having broken many substantial merchants in their own city and in this, by the panic-creating suddenness of their movements; having further caused the suspension of the Banks of this and other States, as a consequence of the universal distrust and alarm—they now say, in fact, by their action, "Gentlemen, we have been deceived as to the extent of the danger, and shall therefore proceed to retrace our steps."

Two weeks ago, we said in the course of an article relative to the present financial difficulties:—

> *We confess, for our own part, that we do not clearly understand the nature of the crisis which seems so suddenly to have come upon the Banks of New York.* Certainly it betokens no great amount of financial sagacity on their part, to be caught entirely unprepared by such a tempest. And if they were aware of the storm approaching, why did they wait till the very last moment before they began to take in sail, and then warn the community of their danger?

Now, we must be allowed to express our growing conviction, that no crisis, at all commensurate with their action, had come upon the Banks of New York—that no adequate reason existed for the rapid contraction of their loans, which was the immediate cause of the present financial convulsion.

The *New York Tribune*, while admitting the groundlessness of the present panic, lays the blame at the door of the stock gamblers in that city. It says:—

> That there existed abundant reason for curtailment and reduction of business, that a portion of our business men were insolvent, we do not deny. We have, from time to time, uttered in these columns notes of warning on that subject. *But there has been no day for the last six months that there has not existed just as much reason for reduction and curtailment as at this moment.* Nor had anything occurred which could in the least justify the perfect frenzy of alarm into which, first this city, and soon after the whole country, has been thrown.

The Michigan Southern Railroad stopped payment on a floating debt of a million or two of dollars, and the Ohio Life and Trust Company, having advanced largely on the securities of that road, and never, as it would seem, having had any real capital employed here in New York, was also obliged to stop. But surely the business and credit system of this country does not stand on such a frail foundation that two or three failures, involving an amount of a few millions, can afford any rational ground for discrediting every stock, and calling in question the solvency of the entire commercial body? And it is a remarkable thing that this panic, by which the business of the country has been so disastrously interrupted, did not originate in what may be called the regular course of commercial business. The regular course of commercial business afforded no occasion for it. There was no sudden nor unusual call from abroad to pay up debts, and it is a remarkable fact that, contrary to the course of things when the crisis has been less a panic than a real commercial revulsion, in the same proportion that the terror has spread, remittance abroad has stopped. There was no failure of remittances from the country, no disinclination to purchase, and no general fall of prices, which are almost the inevitable premonition of a commercial catastrophe based on actual losses of capital. The present panic had its origin solely and exclusively with that nest of gamblers, the Brokers' Board. It went on for some days in that locality, without attracting much attention from the merchants. It was only when the stock gamblers, seized with fright, had frightened the bankers into refusing loans upon pledges of stock, that the panic began to spread, till in a short time it reached an intensity hardly ever known before. The Stock Board where the fright originated appears to remain in as panic stricken a condition as ever. But whatever may be the case with stocks, the merchants of this city have given in the last four weeks pretty strong evidence of not being entirely worthless.

Now, granting that the Stock Board had become frightened, owing to a fall of stocks caused, partly, by the real embarrassments of several railroad companies, and a great deal more by a systematic attempt to "bear" them all down—the newspaper organ of which movement was a most inconsistent and unscrupulous sheet, whose popularity and influence are a disgrace to the country—granting all this, the banks of the city of New York appear to be greatly to blame, for the sudden panic which they seem to have allowed to seize them. What was there in the condition of the country to warrant such a panic? The remittances from the West and South were good; there was no very unusual demand for gold and silver for exportation to Europe; prices remained firm; and the crops had been unusually heavy. In a few months, the coming forward of the grain and cotton crops, would have effectually checked what flow there was of specie abroad. There was no immediate danger, the only danger was in the future—and against that they should have guarded by a *gradual* contraction, so far as was necessary.

But, instead of this, as if by an instinct of madness, they began a course of rapid contraction, calculated of itself to throw the whole community into alarm, and to produce the very crisis which we charitably suppose it was intended to avert.

Every intelligent man should understand, that, in the very best of times, and when the Banks are in the most healthy condition, a financial panic, and a general run upon them for specie by their note-holders and depositors, must cause them to suspend. For, *always* the amount of a Bank's deposits and notes together, will *greatly exceed* the amount of specie in its vaults. Take for instance the last two exhibits of the New York banks, after all this recent contraction. See how they stand:

	Specie.	Circulation.	Depos.
Sept. 19,	13,556,186	8,073,801	75,772,774
Sept. 26,	13,327,095	7,838,308	73,315,611

Thus they have over $83,000,000 of circulation and deposits, liable at any moment to be called for in specie—and, to pay this $83,000,000, they have—how much?—$13,327,095 of gold and silver. Or, in other words, for every six dollars of *immediate* liabilities, they have about one dollar of *immediate* assets. Of course, they could be made to suspend at any moment that their depositors chose. It is *always* so. At no moment, in any times, is there, or can there be, any effectual barrier to a suspension of any bank, but the CONFIDENCE OF THE COMMUNITY.

It is astonishing that such a plain and simple truth as this, seems not to be understood even by many intelligent men. Many seem to imagine that the mere fact of a Bank's not being able to pay off its deposits and circulation in gold and silver—as rapidly as they can be presented—is a sufficient proof of bad management and insolvency. They might as well argue that because an individual could not pay off *in specie* all that he owed, in a single day, that therefore he was insolvent.

And this consideration shows the folly of a general run upon the Banks—to test their strength, as it were—in cases where they are believed to be solvent. Our Banks in Philadelphia are suspended, because the community—rather foolishly, as it seems to us—gave way to a panic. Let the citizens of New York do the same thing, and not all the enactments of all the Constitutions under the sun, could prevent a suspension. Even as it is, as we understand, the New York banks have practically suspended as to their deposits, by either marking the checks drawn upon them "good," or giving the notes of other banks (sometimes country banks) in payment. And we have very little doubt that they would suspend entirely, in order to try and give relief to the mercantile community which their foolish action has so sorely and needlessly distressed, were it not for the following clause of the State Constitution:—

> "The legislature shall have no power to pass any law sanctioning in any manner, directly or indirectly, the suspension of specie payments by any person, association or corporation issuing notes of any description."

But, "to return to our sheep"—as the French proverb says—or, rather, to our goats, those blundering and unhappy financiers of our sister city. They probably are by this time convinced that they took fright without due reason—that the country is in a much sounder condition than they supposed—and that the evils which are now upon us, and from which they, and we, are trying to escape, are the work of the very demon they themselves foolishly raised. For, look at the condition of affairs. Grant that we have exported in the last eight years a vast amount of gold; none the less true is it that we have also kept at home a large amount. Consider the following table contrasting our coinage and our exports of the precious metals during the last seven and a half years:—

	COINAGE	EXPORTS
1850	$32,847,538 50	$ 2,854,292
1851	63,288,999 50	24,019,160
1852	57,845,597 50	37,169,091
1853	64,291,477 04	23,285,493
1854	60,713,865 47	34,438,712
1855	41,060,302 20	52,587,531
1856	64,960,163 00	41,537,853
1857, (6 mos)	36,794,732 00	69,919,133
	$415,926,717 74	$286,581,176
	286,581,176 00 deduct exports.	
	$129,345,541 74 excess coinage.	
	160,000,000 00 add total coinage before '50	
	$289,345,541 74 now in country.	

Thus, starting in 1850 with $160,000,000 of gold and silver coin, we have increased it during the last seven to eight years over $120,000,000—making a present coinage of $289,345 541. Contrast that amount with the $70 000,000 of coin which was all we owned in the great convulsion of 1837; and see what a basis we stand on now, compared to what we stood on then. Bear in mind further, that we are now exporting breadstuffs, while in 1837 we were importing them. And further, that already the flow of specie *into* this country has commenced from Europe. Is this a state of affairs to warrant the crippling of trade and commerce, by the sudden withdrawal of an immense amount of active capital? We think not.

We are disposed therefore to believe, in opposition to our first impressions, that the present monetary difficulties are not so much the result of over-trading and over speculation—though there has been far too much of both—as of an unwise and panic-creating course on the part of the banks of New York city. That a gradual contraction of their loans, to a reasonable amount, would have placed them in a far safer situation than they now are, without seriously crippling the great and genuine business interests of the country. And that, were it not for the undermining of confidence which they have themselves brought about, they could at once set to work to repair their false step by a judicious expansion of their loans to somewhere near the old limit. But the confidence of the community has received a terrible shock; and to aid in restoring that confidence, by showing that to a great degree we have been laboring under the effects of a mere monetary panic—originating where the community could least have expected it—has been our purpose in the present article. With returning Confidence the Banks will be able gradually to restore that capital to business pursuits, the sudden withdrawal of which has paralyzed the community, and Trade and Commerce begin once more to move on in their beneficent channels. And we trust that the New York financiers will learn from the present calamity two important lessons—First, never to wade into the waters of credit beyond their depth; and, secondly, if they do, not to think they can best save themselves, and those who have followed them into the deep places, by getting into a panic and flurry.

WAGES.

> Every workman, who now receives his wages in currency instead of gold and silver, has those wages reduced from four to five per cent. as surely as though his employer had agreed to give him *only* ninety-five or ninety-six cents for a dollar.—*Public Ledger.*

Granted, but is it not better for the working men to receive ninety five cents in the dollar, than to receive no wages at all? If the present state of things continues—and if the Banks are forced still further to contract their loans (as our contemporary recommends) they will grow worse instead of better—two-thirds of our operatives and mechanics will be thrown out of employment this fall and winter, from the positive incapacity of their employers to go on with their business. As to the currency in which workmen will be paid, it will be always as good as that which their employers will have to take for the products of their labor—and, in many cases, as much better as Eastern is better than Western money. We think it bad management to get into the shoal water, as much as anybody; but, having got there, is it not better to ease the boat over the breakers, than try to stave her through, without regard to the consequences?

> WHILE the banks were declaring good dividends, stockholders were satisfied, without inquiring the sources of per centage. They were hurried on by the same current that swept over the whole country, and are no more answerable than the millions of men in the north and south, east and west, who consigned their fortunes upon its swift surface.

The above doubtless is partially true, but not entirely so. It is difficult for an individual always to tell the financial condition of the country, because he does not know what the Banks are really doing. But the officers of the leading Banks should be men who understand financial causes and effects—who keep themselves fully posted as to the condition of our imports and exports, alike of merchandize, produce and specie—and who can foresee a storm at least three months ahead, and regulate their issues and loans accordingly. The Banks, in fact, owe it to their position, to be the guardians of the great financial interests of the country—and it shows either a culpable ignorance or remissness on their part, not to be able to perceive the indications, or seeing, not to forewarn the community *in time*, of a coming storm.

A RETURN TO REASON.—One fact alone would almost serve to prove that India has been governed by her English rulers with systematic folly. The British soldiers, and even the native troops, heretofore, have almost universally been dressed in the heavy cloth uniforms which the former wore when on service at home—omitting the stiff stock in the case of the Sepoy. Now at last, we have a sign of returning sanity, in stocks being discarded, coats entirely dispensed with or replaced by white jackets, shakoes left in barracks, and forage caps with white covers and turbans wound round them. Her Majesty's 75th Regiment of Infantry are decked out in jacket and pantaloons of light material dyed mud-color, similar to the dress worn by the Goorkhas, who can scarcely be distinguished at a short distance. The Fusileers wear light gray pantaloons and shirt sleeves. The Carabineers alone wear *cloth* jackets, with a thermometer in the tent at 120, and in the sun at 140!

THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

> The great increase of crime, such as seduction, elopements, suicides, murder, &c., may be attributed in no small degree to the pestiferous and wicked literature by which the country has been flooded of late, through flash story papers. Persons who regard the purity of their children should carefully exclude from their families the vile trash scattered broadcast over the country.

The above paragraph is worthy the serious consideration of every parent. Just in proportion as good fiction is promotive of virtue, through the subtle hold that it takes upon the mind, is bad fiction promotive of vice. The proper mode to judge a story or novel, is by its effect upon the reader. If it strengthens in him the love of the true, the pure, the virtuous, the honorable, it is doing an excellent work. But if, even while professing to support virtue, it really encourages vice, by manifesting a secret sympathy with the sinner or the sin—if there is an intoxicating odor of evil allurements breathed forth, even while the author is pretending to condemn licentiousness—then banish such an insidious destroyer from the family circle.

So much for vile Fiction—but vile Fiction alone is not chargeable with the increase of crime. Of late years, in violation of the long-established custom of the so-called "respectable" press of the country, certain leading papers of wide circulation, have been in the habit of publishing vile Facts of the most polluting kind. Details of the most filthy and corrupting character are constantly introduced into virtuous families, on the plea that they are *facts*. But why is a corrupting fact any less corrupting than a corrupting fiction? Can the moral filth of a great city be poured into the minds of men and women—to say nothing of children—without defiling them? No pure-minded man, we will venture to say, ever perused the testimony given on the trial of such cases as the Forrest or Mrs. Cunningham case, without feeling that he had soiled his soul by so doing. And yet this filthy stuff is spread by "moral" and "religious" people before their innocent sons and daughters!

And why do they do it? Because they themselves love the filthy flavor of these narrations—and excuse themselves for what they know is wrong, by some silly plea or other, based upon the view that this filth and corruption are Real not Fictitious. As if they were not all the worse in their influence for being Real.

And why do the newspapers referred to publish such accounts? Because they find it increases their circulation. The Higher-Law Moralist hears that the Lower-Law Sewer has sold so many thousand copies of the numbers containing the last celebrated "divorce case." It knows that its own circulation has decreased considerably in the same period; and, putting the two things together, it sees that the Sewer is gaining because it is a sewer. Therefore—not to tickle a filthy palate at all, but on high moral considerations—it also commences the publication of similar trials; reporting them at length, with a fullness of detail extending even to the complete biographies of the parties involved, if the case be one of peculiar atrocity and filthiness, and the biographies in question equally atrocious and filthy. And then the "moral" and "religious" public begin to patronize the Moralist in preference to the Sewer. They were a little ashamed to be seen reading such stuff in the Sewer, but can now peruse it openly and publicly, that it is printed in the "Moralist."

Yes, here is the answer, Mr. Moralist, to your pressing inquiries as to the cause of the great increase of crime—YOU ARE THE CAUSE. You are as responsible—yes, more responsible, than any other paper we know of. You begun this practice, so far as the "respectable" press are concerned; and your success with the "moral" and "religious" community, is doing much to force all the other "respectable" papers into an imitation of your example.

The other papers have not "the *news*," say the "moral" and "religious" people aforesaid—and so they forsake them, and patronize you, because you have the "news" their filthy appetites crave.

Will you please consider the above facts, Mr. "Moralist," the next time you are cheaply declaiming against a "yellow covered literature," and priding yourself that you are not as other papers are. We have never read more dangerous literature than the police reports in your columns. Courts of justice are necessary, and so are certain other places—but well-behaved people do not bring the filth of the sewers into their parlors, nor dabble in it as if they loved it.

In conclusion we may say, that both Fiction and Fact are to be judged by their character. When they tend to Purity, to Truth, to Nobility of Mind they are to be alike commended. But when they tend to Corruption and Vice and Crime they are to be alike censured. In the management of our own paper, we always exercise as careful a supervision over the news as over the literary departments. Striving to bear in mind continually, that a paper intended for the family circle, should contain nothing calculated in the least to blemish and corrupt.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.—We published the other day a mode of preventing horses from shying when riding them, by simply fixing the eyes on some post, tree, &c., on the opposite side of the road, and holding the reins firmly and steadily, when approaching and passing a doubtful object. Two ladies of our acquaintance say that they have tried it, and that the effect is magical. One lady said she would rather have given ten dollars than not have known it. As the POST only costs two dollars a year, here was a positive gain to her of eight dollars. We regret to say, however, that—as is usual in such cases, and they are very frequent—she did not hand over the balance of the money. We do not mean this for a hint, of course.

> THE issue of shinplasters has been spoken of, and will, it is said, be resorted to.

We trust not. That would be a calamity indeed! On the other hand, let the present cumbersome amount of gold coinage in tens and twenties, be recoined into one dollar pieces, with a sprinkling of quarter eagles. Will not the Secretary of the Treasury order this done at once? A larger proportion of quarters, dimes and half dimes are also greatly needed in the silver coinage.

TOO MUCH OF THIS.

> HEAVY VERDICT IN A RAILROAD CASE.—In the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, on Monday, the jury in the case of Mrs. Sarah E. Shaw vs. Boston and Worcester Railroad Company, returned a sealed verdict, awarding the plaintiff the sum of $18,000. At the first trial of the case, some two years since, the plaintiff obtained a verdict of $15,000.

There is reason in all things—and these heavy verdicts, however pleasant to the recipients, are tending to prevent the placing by capitalists of any more money in railroads. The railroad system will have to be encouraged for a time, instead of being systematically made a pack horse of, or else those portions of the country which need new railroads to develope their resources, will have to build them entirely with their own money. While the vast railroad interest of the country is suffering as it is now, it exercises a depressing influence on all other interests. Railroads have become the great iron legs of the Business Body—and, as we have both old Heathen and Apostolic authority for saying, when the legs suffer, the other portions of the body are apt to lie prostrate.

ECONOMY.

Economy is a great virtue, and we are pleased to see it in high repute just now. But while some *must* retrench in *all* things, others may justly make a wise discrimination in their retrenchments. Let it then be remembered by this latter class, that the winter months will soon be here. It is not a good time to throw any more domestics and other working people, men and women, out of employment, than is absolutely necessary. Let the wages of domestics be reduced as an alternative, if need be—but let those who can afford to keep them, do so until the cold weather is past. This will be better than subscribing the amount it will cost to some great charitable fund next winter. And if such of the manufacturers as can do it without loss, will work half time, or even quarter time, it will be a great benefit to the public generally. We hope all employers will think of these things.

☞ There is probably more specie in circulation at this moment in Philadelphia than in New York—although, nominally, the banks of New York have not suspended. The reason is, that in Philadelphia we have no bank notes under five dollars—and very few now under ten, as the banks generally have redeemed their fives. While in New York one, two and three dollar notes, are always as plenty as gold dollars are here. A curious state of affairs this; and, we think, considerably to the credit of Philadelphia. There is no difficulty in passing the notes of the banks of this city at their par value—the only difficulty is in getting hold of them. The latter, just now, is difficult enough.

THE KINDERGARTEN.—We hope no parent among our readers, will neglect to peruse the delightful account of the Kindergarten, in the letters of our foreign correspondent. Oh for Kindergartens all over the Union, and especially in our large cities. What far-sighted and benevolent teacher will begin the good work?

OLD FOGIES AND YOUNG AMERICA.—The following definitions are very popular just now in this city:

Old Fogy—One who spends his own money.

Young America—One who spends everybody's money he can lay hands on.

BANK NOTE LIST.—During the present unsettled state of the market, it is impossible for us to give any fixed quotations for Bank Notes.

☞ Exchange in New York is now so low—that is, the amount due us is so much greater than what we at this moment owe—that a sovereign in London, worth $4,86, may be bought to-day in New York for $4,22. A specie drain is not then the cause of the panic.

☞ COUNTRY LIFE.—The selfish instincts are not subdued by the sight of butter-cups, nor is integrity in the least established by that classic rural occupation, sheep washing. To make men moral, something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass.—*Westminster Review.*

☞ A FATAL JEWEL.—It is the belief of millions in India, we are told by the Bombay Courier, that the Koh-i-noor diamond will always be fatal to its possessor, and that from the day it found a resting place in the diadem of Victoria, the fate of the English crown was sealed.

☞ It was a common saying in Peru, that if a person worked a copper mine he was likely to make a good fortune, that if he worked a silver mine he might gain or lose, but that if he worked a gold mine he was sure to be ruined.

☞ It was a favorite amusement with Cleopatra, estimable lady, to try experiments with poisons upon prisoners and slaves, and in the excitement caused by their contortions, she found just the food for her peculiar quality of mind. In honor of her guests, it was her custom to cause entertainments of this description, and they all probably enjoyed it, as we in our day enjoy a five act comedy.

☞ A Captain Doineau has been tried in Algeria, with some Arab accomplices, for the murder of the Aga Ben Abdallah, chief of a tribe, and a man of great weight. The proceedings were very protracted—much to the disquietude of the Arab mind. During a rather lengthy speech, Bel Kier, one of the accused, started up with a cry of

"Mercy, mercy, gentlemen! Take my head, but spare me these sittings!"

Doineau and his companions were condemned to death.

☞ Some men are eminent for what they *possess*; some for what they *achieve*; others for what they are. *Having, doing* and *being* constitute the three great distinctions of mankind."

A GOOD COMPARISON.—"If you have ever seen," wrote Willis to his daughter, "a field of broom-corn—the most careless branching and free swaying of all the products of a summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the difference I feel, between using my thoughts at my pleasure, as in country life, and using them for subsistence as in my present profession."

New Publications.

GUIDE TO THE ORACLES; OR, THE BIBLE STUDENT'S VADE-MECUM. By Alfred Nevin, D. D. Published by Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster, Pa. For sale by Uriah Hunt & Son, No. 44 N. Fourth street, Philadelphia.

BERANGER'S LYRICS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE HAND BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE. By Edward L. Youmans. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL: a series of Instructive Sketches for the Young. Published by G. Collins, N. W. corner Sixth and Arch, Philadelphia.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS: or, a Peep into the Works of Nature and Art. Published by G. Collins, N. W. corner Sixth and Arch, Philadelphia.

A PEEP AT THE MUSEUM. Published by G. Collins, N. W. corner Sixth and Arch, Philadelphia.

BARNABY RUDGE. By Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE SISTERS; or, the Fatal Marriages. By Henry Cockton. Published by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL PERIWINKLE. By the author of "Cavendish," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philad.

NOTHING TO SAY. By Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. Published by Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway, New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., 609 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

INFORMATION ABOUT TEXAS. Carefully prepared by D. E. E. Braman, of Matagorda, Texas. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN. By Walter Scott. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE LIFE OF JOHN FITCH. By Thompson Westcott. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MODERN REFORM EXAMINED; OR, THE UNION OF NORTH AND SOUTH ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY. By Joseph C. Styles. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST. By Wm. H. Maxwell, author of "The Stories of Waterloo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Third Series. Published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York.

THE GREYSON LETTERS: Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by Henry Rogers. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by Smith, English & Co., 40 North 6th St., Philada.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Philada.

MISS LAMBERT'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO NEEDLE-WORK AND EMBROIDERY. Published by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Philada.

POEMS, by Rosa Vertner Johnson. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St. Philada.

WHITE LIES. Part II. By Charles Reade. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER: A Tale of Louisiana. By Miss A. E. Dupuy. Published by W. P. Fetridge & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

SALLUST INTERLINEAR. Carefully Revised by Thomas Clark. Published by Charles Desilver, 714 Chestnut St., Philada.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. August 1857. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE and PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, October 1857. Published by J. M. Emerson & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE POLYLINGUAL JOURNAL. This is a magazine in five languages, French, Spanish, Italian, German and English—the same text being given in each tongue. It would seem to be as important aid in the studying of the above languages. Hiram C. Sparks, editor and proprietor, 335 Broadway, New York.

NETTLE TREE OF AUSTRALIA.—The most remarkable nettle of this country is the Urtica gigas, or rough nettle tree. This tree has a large leaf something like a sun flower leaf, hirsute beneath, and every bristle has a most painful sting. One of these wonderful trees was 32 feet round, and 140 feet high. Such the potency of the virus of this tree, that horses which are driven rapidly through the forests where they abound, if they come in contact with their leaves, die in convulsions. A young man who had lately arrived, and who was ignorant of the nature of the tree, breaking off a twig as he rode along, had his hand instantly paralyzed by it. His fingers were pressed firmly together, and were as rigid as stone. Fortunately a stockman who was near, observing it, came up and said, "I see what is amiss and will set all right." He gathered a species of arum, which grew near, for nature has planted the bane and antidote together, in the low grounds, and rubbing the hand with it, it very soon relaxed, and resumed its natural pliancy. This is precisely the process used by the children in this country. When nettled, they rub the place with a bruised dock leaf, saying all the time, "Nettle go out, dock go in."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON BANKS.—"Are you afraid of Banks failing?" asked the cashier, as Mrs. Partington went to draw her pension.—"Banks failing," said the dame, "I never had any idea about it at all. If he gets votes enough I don't see how he can fail, and if he don't I can't see how he is to help it." "I meant," said he, "the banks that furnish currency for the country." She stood a moment counting her bills. "Oh, you did, did you?" said she "well, it's about the same thing. If they have money enough to redeem with, and heaven knows there's need enough of redemption for a good many of them, and more grace than they allow their customers, they may stand it, but doubtful things are uncertain." She passed off like an exhalation, and the cashier counted out one hundred and fifteen dollars and seventeen cents fifteen times while pondering what she said, in order to catch her meaning.—*Boston Gazette.*

LETTER FROM LONDON.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

LONDON, Sept. 18, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Your readers may remember that we left our little friends of the London Kindergarten preparing to amuse themselves with their favorite occupation of modelling in *terra cotta*; the class comprising nearly the whole school, only the very little ones being excluded.

They were soon in place, and busy in moulding, with their active little fingers, flowers, fruit, dishes of meat or fish, human figures, coats, hats, furniture, candlesticks, books, shoes, sheep, rabbits, birds, in fact every thing that came into their heads.

For this work they sit in rows at long tables, each child provided with a lump of the ready-moistened clay. When they have moulded an object which they wish to keep, they give it to Dr. Ronge, who puts it away in the collection already formed. The unsuccessful attempts are broken up, and remoistened, thus serving over and over again.

Those who associate only the idea of destruction with the restless little hands that do so much mischief for lack of having anything better within the compass of their activity, would be amazed to see how patiently and intently the children worked at this pretty and instructive pastime, and how proudly and carefully they passed their productions to us for inspection when any one was finished. One little fellow made a bird, while we were looking on, and was so elated by his success that he insisted on placing it on a branch of a fine young fir tree, growing in a tub in one of the school-rooms, as the only appropriate pedestal for "such a beautiful creature." So on the branch it was placed, to the great admiration of the rest of the children.

"It's better than making dirt pies!" I remarked to a little modeller who had smeared herself all over with clay, in the zeal with which she pursued her self imposed task of making a bouquet in a bouquet-holder. She looked up and laughed, as though she quite agreed with me, but was too absorbed to reply; but half-a-dozen merry little voices shouted, "Yes, indeed it is; much better and much prettier! and we keep the things when we like to!" Gutta percha is also used by them, and is found to answer very well; but it is more difficult to work than the clay, and can only be used by the elder children.

Many of the objects moulded by these children—some of whom were imitating real leaves that they had gathered for the purpose, but most of whom were working from memory—were so skillfully and tastefully done, that had we not seen them made, we could not have believed them to be the work of such little people. Dr. Ronge remarked that, of all the exercises of the Kindergarten, this of modelling was the one which they seemed to like the best; and that so entranced would they become in this occupation, that they would sit at it for hours without moving, if not forced from it by their teachers. Various plans, as yet unsuccessful, have been devised by Dr. R. for baking the best of the modellings; the children being very much interested in them, and being disappointed when they get broken, as they do inevitably, owing to the crumbling nature of the unbaked clay. One of our party suggested that those figures might probably be successfully baked in a common crucible; and the experiment was to be tried forthwith by the amiable professor, and will no doubt be a matter of great interest to the children.

Wishing to show us some of the exercises devised for the pupils under the name of Musical Gymnastics, Dr. Ronge now summoned the little modellers to leave their clay and prepare for a "dance." But though they are extremely fond of these dances, the fascination of the clay seemed well-nigh irresistible, and Dr. Ronge was obliged to call to them several times, and in a manner which showed them that they really must attend to the summons, before they could be got from the tables, and induced to exchange their sedentary occupation for one of a livelier character.

Leaving the modelling room in the wake of the children, we went back into the other, whence the spelling-tables of the very little ones had been quickly rolled back to the sides of the room, in whose centre the little spellers had already taken their places to the merry music Mme. Ronge was bringing out at the piano.

The elder children now took up their positions outside the other ones; and the dancing and singing that now ensued, big and little ones being all together, was one of the prettiest things I ever saw. Their songs are all descriptive; their movements being rather pantomimic, than of the class usually understood as making up the elements of a "dance." Not that "steps," and waltzing, and schottische movements, &c., were wanting; but these only occurred in certain places. Sometimes they danced in a round, all holding hands; then they parted into little groups, and marched, stamped, jumped, or pirouetted, as best suited the action to be represented; then again they paired off in twos, and waltzed merrily round, falling into their old places as one verse ended and another began. However reluctant they may have been to quit their last avocation, it was evident that once in place, their whole hearts were in their dance; and so merry and joyous were they all that you could not help joining in their contagious merriment, and laughing too, as they whirled round in their fun and frolic. Some of the very young ones grew so wild in their mirthful excitement, that the teachers had enough to do to keep them gently within bounds. One little mite of a girl, about two and a half, with large bright eyes, and the loveliest flaxen curls, who had amused us not a little with the quiet dignity of her proceedings in the spelling-class, and the determined way in which she had resented and repelled the unceremonious kisses of another, who had presumed on her additional twelvemonth, and had come up suddenly behind Little Flaxen as she sat enthroned in her little chair, and had thrown her arms round the pretty little doll-like creature—went almost beside herself with laughter and fun. She sang as gaily as any of them, and her plump little legs and arms, and her [illegible]ing curls, seemed to be electrified, with such spirit and vigor did she caper about among her mates. But in all the exuberance of her glee, she kept right in her singing; and as to the figures, one of the teachers, afraid lest the little pet should trip herself up under the feet of the bigger ones, contrived, not without some difficulty, to keep hold on one little hand through the greater part of the dances.

To give an idea of the sort of thing danced by the children, let it be understood that the first song was called the "Peasants' Song." First of all, they danced around, singing,

> Would you know how 'tis the peasant,
> Would you know how 'tis the peasant,
> Would you know how 'tis the peasant,
> Sows his barley and wheat?

Then, standing still, though swaying a little to keep time to the music, they all scatter imaginary seed from their aprons, or from imaginary baskets, as they sing,

> Look! 'tis so does the peasant,
> Look! 'tis so does the peasant,
> Look! 'tis so does the peasant,
> Sow his barley and wheat!

A merry chorus of *la, la, la!* carries them through another circle, which they dance with joined hands. The succeeding verses, by a change of the word "sow" for "reap," "thrash," "sift," &c., accompanied by a corresponding change of pantomime, take them through a mimic representation of the harvest labors, and the last verse concludes with a representation of the dances and rejoicings of the harvest-home.

Then we had "The Song of the Ship," giving in like manner the weighing of the anchor, the unfurling of the sails, the coming on of a storm, &c., a very pretty pantomime, with a graceful swaying movement in the chorus, performed two and two, and representing the undulating movement of the waves. After this, we had the "Basket Song," "The Clappers," the "Fisherman's Song" and a remarkably pretty "Flower Song," each verse describing some flower, and the children meantime gathering, and making up, imaginary nosegays.

One of the prettiest of them all was called "The Pigeon-House," and gave a representation of those birds. The very little ones formed a group in the centre, the taller ones forming a circle outside, for the "Pigeon house;" at each verse, the little birds in the centre, ran out under the arms of two of the outer ones—which arms were considered to represent the door—and rushed out across the room, and out at the open Italian windows into the garden, with a set of cries supposed to imitate the cry of the pigeon, and flapping their hands up and down, to imitate the motion of wings; all singing with the utmost glee as they darted out, and darting back into the room, and under the uplifted arms into the centre as before, to represent the flight of pigeons coming back from their foraging excursions over the fields.

The variety of subjects that may thus be brought home to the thoughts, comprehension, and sympathies of the children is very great. Already they have songs in which they personate bells, basket weavers, sawyers, ploughmen, butterflies, bees, players at ball, and other sports, &c. In one, an extremely ingenious affair, the children holding ribbons that keep the group in shape, represent the stars circling through the sky, and, in the centre of these, the planets of the solar system moving round the sun.

In all this movement and frolic the little creatures sang and gesticulated in perfect time to the playing of Mme. Ronge, at the piano. The movements in many of these singing and dancing exercises are extremely graceful; and all are specially devised with a view to the due exercise of those 400 pairs of muscles, which the human frame possesses, but of which the greater part too often lie dormant, and become diseased or atrophied in the ordinary school-room. Many of these charming compositions are written and composed by Froebel; others are due to the zeal, talent, and graceful fancy of Madame Ronge.

So much for the indoor department; the garden itself, as will readily be understood, offers an immense number of additional facilities for developing the physical health, the activities, and intellect of the children, who all have plots of their own, and are thus indoctrinated into a host of useful "knowledges," by their teachers. Where, as is still the case in Tavistock Place, the resources of the school have not yet allowed of the laying out and stocking of a garden, the piece of ground serves at least as an excellent play-place, in which a number of the exercises are advantageously performed.

From this brief account of a system susceptible of all the developments that the skill and tact of the teacher can desire, it will be seen that Froebel's aim has been to surround the child with stimuli to thought and exertion in harmony with the deeds and instinctive tendencies of its age. All violence is carefully shut away; positive ideas and convictions are alone inculcated; and instead of forbidding what is wrong, the very thought of wrongness and falseness is excluded, as far as possible, by the direct inculcation of the True and the Right. The aim of the Kindergarten is to develope the ideas of construction and of form; to create habits of industry, carefulness, and correctness of detail; appealing constantly to the mind and heart through the senses, no books being used in these early days of training, but conversations going on between teacher and pupils in which they are drawn on to ask questions, and in this way acquire a great amount of information on all subjects within their grasp, while amusing themselves to their hearts' content in so doing. Thus the first years of infant life are filled with happy and instructive amusement; the children being so entranced with their existence in these novel schools, that they can hardly be got to go to their homes when the time for closing arrives.

The children who attend the school in Tavistock Place are of the humbler walks of life, and pay from thirty-six cents to half-a-dollar, weekly, without any extra charge; all the "gifts" used by them being presented to them, successively, by the principals. A Kindergarten, established by Mme. Ronge, in another and more fashionable quarter of London, for the reception of a little band of children of certain aristocratic families who wished to have such a school for their own little people only, was in operation for about eighteen months, and with the happiest results; although the restrictions under which such children are kept at home, where they are always being *artificialized* by governesses and housemaids, whose business seems to be rather to check than to guide the promptings of Nature, rendered the work of harmonic training more difficult than that of the children of less pretentious homes.

After passing the morning in the contemplation of the doings of the happy little band I have been describing, our visit was brought to a close by the dismissal of the children, at the usual hour of half past twelve; and we had thus an opportunity of judging, from the reluctance of the little creatures to go away, how punctually and joyously they might be expected to make their reappearance on the reopening of the school in the afternoon.

"One would suppose them to be always at play," remarked one of the visitors, as we were taking our departure.

"They are always happy," replied Mme. Ronge; "we never resort to corporeal punishment; the threat of turning them out of the school is always sufficient to bring any little refractory spirit to reason. They rarely quarrel; soon acquire a sense of truthfulness and habits of order, and of kindness among themselves such as you hardly ever see among other children; and really become so good, so intelligent, so ingenious, and so loveable, that I am sure no young mother or teacher could go through the invaluable discipline of our Training School for Mothers and Teachers, without loving little children from the bottom of her heart."

QUANTAM.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE TESTED.

The testimony as to this new plant is somewhat contradictory—though generally, so far, in its favor. We quote the following:—"The Charleston Courier of the 12th instant, contains the following:—'We are indebted to the politeness of Capt. A. Roumillat, proprietor of the well known manufactory of confectionery in King street, in this city, for the results of a trial which he has given to the Sorgho cane, for the purpose of testing its possibility of crystallization. Captain R. procured 300 canes from the farm of Thos. H. Deas, which, after being properly crushed, produced 21 gallons of juice. This juice, after boiling and evaporation, yielded three gallons and three quarts of syrup. He then boiled it to the granulating point, but the syrup refused to granulate; it was rather inclined to burn. The experiment was made under Captain Roumillat's own eye, and every care was taken that it might be successful.'"

A Philadelphia paper says:—"We were shown, on Saturday last, some very fine, thick, heavy molasses made from the juice of Chinese sugar cane, with one of Hedges' mills, from twelve stalks of cane, grown on the grounds of Judge Stroud, near the Girard College. From these stalks, two gallons of juice were obtained, which, on boiling, produced three pints of as thick molasses as we have ever seen."

The Cincinnati Gazette says:—"We have seen molasses, nearly the quality of sugar house, made by Mr. Harford, of Morrow, Warren county, which seems to prove that Ohio, can make its own molasses as well as sugar. Only thirteen stalks were crushed, which produced over a quart of good syrup. Now thirteen stalks of sugar millet can be raised on each twelve square feet. This would give 900 gallons to the acre. Others have made similar experiments, and calculated the produce to be from 400 to 500 gallons per acre. Supposing that 400 gallons are raised, at 30 cents per gallon. This gives $120 per acre, which will pay more profit than any crop raised in the State. This experiment has been made by so many persons, that we consider the question *settled* in regard to molasses. As to sugar, we shall wait the result of experiments, but wait in confidence of success."

A correspondent of the New York Post, sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant, and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce, and is worth in the market from $1 to $2 per gallon, according to quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable the farmers to manufacture the spirit in the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup, and it will find a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

"The quantity of alcohol now used for purposes of illumination alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform and medical extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, which, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop a large amount of forage and grain for the fattening of stock."

The Chinese sugar cane syrup, says another authority, has been offered in the St. Louis market, and brought from forty-five to fifty cents per gallon. It is said to be a superior article. In New Orleans, some sold for forty-five cents a gallon, Cuba molasses selling at sixty two cents a gallon.

A Louisiana correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer says, the Imphee does not prove near as profitable as the old sugar cane. There is much more labor in cutting and preparing it for the mill, as compared with the sugar cane, it being very difficult to divest of its leaves. It also takes more wood to boil it. In one experiment in sugar cane and the Imphee, the yield was, in the former, three thousand pounds of sugar, and one hundred and eighty gallons molasses per acre, while the Imphee gave at the rate of sixty gallons of syrup to the acre, and no sugar.

> MORN on the mountain, like a Summer bird,
> Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
> The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
> Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
> Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
> And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
> Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
> By the wayside aweary——. —*Longfellow.*

☞ Dutchman—"Goot morger, Patrick, how you tuz?" Irishman—"Good mornin' till ye, Mike, think ye, will we get any rain?" Dutchman—"I guess not—ye never has much rain in a ferry try dime." Irishman—"An' ye're right there, and thin, whenever it gets in the way of raining, the bit o' dhry wither will we get, as long as the wet spell howlds."

PREVIOUS BANK SUSPENSIONS.

The first general suspension of the banks of this country was in 1814, during the period of the war with Great Britain, and was immediately produced by the measures of government necessary to prosecute that war with advantage. This suspension, by depreciating the exchangeable value of bank-notes, caused specie to disappear rapidly, as individuals invariably hoard that which is the most valuable. There followed immediately a most pestiferous crop of irredeemable paper, issued by private bankers and by individuals, and commonly known as "shin-plasters." As there was no check upon the issue, of course this kind of paper increased to an unlimited extent, until its credit was entirely broken down. The losses of the community were very large, for probably not one half of it was ever redeemed. The notes of the banks suffered, during the entire period, a depreciation of nearly one-fifth of their nominal value.

Contraction being forced upon the banks, after much suffering in the business community and numerous failures, specie payments were resumed in 1817, but the process of liquidating indebtedness continued for several years thereafter, without much alleviation, and business suffered immensely by this general unsettlement of prices. The community finally got to the bottom of the evil. Means were gradually called in, debts paid off, and business was re-established. Labor properly applied restored a feeling of security, and with security came the tendency to launch out again into speculations and hazardous enterprises. Bank credit was again the means for the bold and enterprising to carry out their plans of profit by speculative projects, and the abuse of these means ended in the same disasters which twenty years before afflicted the country.

The indications of the coming crisis preceded the storm a year or two, and the General Government, to check the excess and abuse of credit, issued its famous "specie circular," requiring coin to be paid for public lands. This excellent measure did not, however, avert the storm, the evil had been too long accumulating. A load of debt had to be wiped off, and in the process the banks were obliged to suspend. *Suspension commenced with the New York Banks on the 10th of May,* 1837, and was announced as follows:

"At a meeting of all the banks of this city, except three, it was resolved, that, under existing circumstances, it is expedient and necessary to suspend specie payments. In the meantime the notes of all the banks will be received at the different banks as usual in payment of debts and on deposit, and as the indebtedness of the community to the banks exceeds three times the amount of their liabilities to the public, it is hoped and expected that the notes of the different banks will pass current as usual, and that the state of the times will soon be such as to render the resumption of specie payments practicable."

This suspension, which was speedily followed by all the banks of the country, was attributed at the time, in the party papers, to the schemes of politicians and bank advocates to get the Government to re-establish the United States Bank, which Congress had refused to recharter. Whatever may have been the party schemes and wishes at *the time*, the real cause of the suspension was the abuse of credit. The famous Bankrupt Law which followed during the subsequent period of disaster, (lasting four or five years before the banks recovered fully from its effects) wiped out four hundred millions of debt, as was estimated at that time, so deeply had the business of the country been involved by the speculations of the day created by the previous bank inflations. Various measures were adopted to alleviate the distresses of the people into which these follies causing suspension had plunged them. Every municipal corporation issued its promises to pay to "supply a currency in the absence of gold," which the abundance of this paper caused to keep gold hidden. Loan companies were established to furnish the people with printed pieces of paper, promising to pay sums from five dollars down to five cents, which promises it is needless to say were never redeemed. The measures of relief resorted to only aggravated the difficulties. The issues of the loan companies being based upon nothing, soon lost public confidence, and the last holders never realized the first cent in the way of redemption. Congress was called upon for aid, but it refused to repeal the specie circular; President Van Buren recommended at that time the present Sub-Treasury law, which divorced the Government from the banks and keeps it above the vicissitudes of their fluctuations.

In August 1838, the banks made a premature effort to resume, but broke down in October 1839, by the U. S. Bank suddenly stopping payment. The Legislature required the banks to resume in January 1841, but in three weeks' time the Bank of the United States again suspended, and ultimately proved insolvent. The other banks partially suspended, when the Legislature came to their aid and authorized the "Relief" measures which released the banks from the penalties of a suspension, and authorized them to loan the State $3,100,000, issuing in payment of the loan their own notes for less denominations than five dollars, to which last named amount they had previously been restricted. The Relief issue continued to be the currency for some years after, but gradually they went out of circulation, and as the banks strengthened themselves a general resumption of specie payments was as gradually effected, though not without another breaking down in 1842, begun by the Girard Bank and the Bank of Pennsylvania, and not without a Legislative act requiring the banks to resume forthwith, which those who did not accept the "Relief" law complied with.

Since that time we have been sailing on, subject to occasional fluctuations, but ending in the excessive inflation which has produced the present explosion.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ The Aldgate Church, in London, has a fund, bequeathed to it in the dark days of persecution. Its specific purpose was to purchase fagots, not to warm the cold, or prepare food for the hungry poor, but to burn heretics. Some centuries are now past, and the supply so far exceeds the demand that there is no more room for storing away the abundant fagots. The trustees of the fund, it is said, now give away the proceeds, to keep alive the poor, and comfort and save the very class that a different age had consigned to the stake.

WHY THE TELEGRAPH CABLE BROKE.

At the recent meeting of the British Scientific Association, Captain Blakely submitted "A Mathematical Investigation of the Proportion between the Length required for an Electric Telegraph Cable and its Specific Gravity."

The author showed, by the principles of the composition of motion, that as a telegraph wire was payed out from a ship, the velocity which gravity would give it would soon become uniform by the resistance of the water as its parts descended; therefore, the descending part of the cable from the advancing ship to the part of the cable which had reached and was supported upon the bottom, in very deep water, say two miles or more, might stretch back six or more miles from the ship. Now, unless a great strain were kept on the brake in the ship where the cable was paying out, a strain which in the case of the Atlantic cable had caused it to part, it was obvious from this demonstration that there must always be what the sailor termed "slack" in the cable when it reached and lay on the bottom, for the inclined length of the rope was always longer than the horizontal length of the bottom on which it was intended to lie. The author then proceeded to estimate, by mathematical formulæ, and numerically, the exact proportion of these in several supposed depths of soundings, rapidity of paying out, and specific gravity of the cable, and came to the conclusion, that the only way of lessening an evil, which must never be expected to be entirely got rid of, was by increasing the speed of the vessel paying out the cable, and diminishing the specific gravity of the cable itself, so that it should sink gently to its final position.

Mr. James Thomson did not concur in the view taken by the author, as he conceived that in the method he proposed the cable would be apt to sink in festoons; a bend, when once formed, by its superior weight dragging down more rapidly than the parts on each side, yet horizontal, and thus the cable would have large folds, or even coils, when it reached the bottom.

During the conversation which arose in the Section after the reading of this communication, a new light seemed to break upon the members, as it seemed to be universally admitted that it was mathematically impossible, unless the speed of the vessel from which the cable was payed out could be almost infinitely increased, to lay out a cable in deep waters (say two miles or more) in such a way as not to require a length much greater than that of the actual distance, as from the inclined direction of the yet sinking part of the cable, the successive portions payed out, must, when they reached the bottom, arrange themselves in wavy folds; since the actual length is greater than the entire horizontal distance. The fact, therefore, which, when noticed, led to the increasing of the strain on the Atlantic cable until it broke, ought to have been anticipated, and must be provided for in the future progress of that great national undertaking.

HAVE SOMETHING TO READ.

As there are many who, in the present state of affairs, are looking forward to a quiet life and small economics, perhaps a word on the subject may not be unacceptable, and a comment on the fact that domestic pleasures are for once to be cultivated can hardly fail to be agreeable. For though it is not appreciated in the feverish, pleasure-seeking, dissipated society of our large cities, it is none the less true that Evenings at Home may be made in the end much more agreeable than any evenings abroad, and that quiet sociability and easy intercourse may be refined and rendered intellectual to a degree which is far from being generally understood or acted on.

It is a fact, and the book-selling, and still more the periodical publishing business of 1840, shows it to be true, that after periods of commercial revulsion and domestic economy, people, in paying more attention to quiet pleasures, read more that they were wont to. At the time of which we speak, our leading periodicals were the first articles which indicated a sign of a rise, for rise they did very rapidly. And if we fall back on ordinary experience, what is more natural than that a man who cannot afford theatre or opera tickets, should stay at home, and while there, read. There is no pleasure so cheap, none so satisfactory, none which affords so much room for comment or conversation, nothing which leaves more profitable results when over. There are men, it is true, who, when economising, first strike off the paper or magazine—and it is not less true that such economy is always of the most miserable description and most heartily regretted. The very trivial price of newspaper and periodical literature, as compared to that of any other pleasure, the degree to which it can be extended to others in the family, and the absolute necessity, no matter how poor a man may be, of having *some* means of passing time of an evening, all show that such economy should instead of the first, be among the very last thought of.

It is somewhat remarkable, that reading, as a real incentive to economy, is not more insisted on. We never knew a man undertake to get along without reading, who did not waste money enough, in consequence of the idleness which it induced, to replace all the reading several times over. Something pleasant to look over, and which may have cost only from two cents to two shillings, has kept many a man from strolling about town, spending as many dollars, and buying his repentance dearly after all. Friends—believe us—you may be poor—but you are never so wretchedly poor as when you have *Nothing to Read.*—*Eve. Bulletin.*

☞ Lord Rosse said recently:—"Some years ago I went to see the workshop of a gentleman near London, who was endeavoring to make an air-engine. He found, after going to great expense for instruments, that the objects for which he required them would be sufficiently satisfied in a few elementary books of science. A little knowledge would have shown him that what he sought was already made known. The gentleman who introduced me, told me that he believed he had already spent £100,000. He stated that a rich lady had speculated in the invention to the extent of £30,000."

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

HINTS UPON SYRUP-MAKING, ETC.

Many persons have applied to us to procure them a simple, low-priced mill for pressing out the juice on a small scale. We have spent considerable time with several mechanics, trying to contrive some simple apparatus, which could be sold for $12 to $15, and yet suffice to extract the juice from a few thousand canes. In this effort we have thus far been unsuccessful. A mill with iron rollers 3½ inches in diameter was tried, but when these were brought together near enough to press any considerable proportion of the juice, they would not feed or draw in the canes freely, and if they did this, it was next to impossible to turn the crank when a cane-joint passed in, even with a multiplying wheel to increase the power.

A somewhat larger mill, made at the Speedwell Iron Works, Morristown, New Jersey, was tried with unripe canes from our field. This has rollers 8 inches in diameter, with cogs working into each other at one end, and a large cog-wheel, pinion and crank at the other, all set in a strong iron frame. This presses out the juice finely, but it requires more force than man-power to work it. If attached to a horse-power, by a large band-wheel, as they are now being made, this is the best mill we have seen at so low a price as $75. For our own use, we have calculated that, in the end, it will be cheapest to purchase a regular sugar cane mill, of large size, which can be used the present year, and if not wanted afterwards, be sold to some one going into the business largely, at the South if not North.

It will not be difficult to get up an extempore wooden hand-press, where only a few dozens or hundreds of canes are to be tried, for the curiosity of the thing. We suggest the following: Take a round, smooth, hard-wood log, 10 or 12 inches in diameter, and saw off two rollers 10 inches long, set these between two planks supported or kept apart at each end by heavy blocks cut 10⅛ inches long, to allow an eighth of an inch play for the rollers. Hoop the rollers at each end with strong iron bands, put on like wagon tires, by the blacksmith. For axles, take an iron rod 16 inches long and at least 1½ inches in diameter, and drive it firmly through the centre of one of the rollers previously bored with an auger, letting the ends extend through the planks to form gudgeons. Put a similar rod through the other roller, but let it extend 5 or 6 feet above the frame, and bend it over at right angles for a lever to turn with. The rollers being put in place, spike the planks firmly upon the 10 inch blocks at each end. To prevent the crank rod from turning in the roller, wedge it tightly, and also put a cross key or pin through it, at the points where it leaves the end of the roller, and drive these into the wood. Make a little duct in the lower plank to conduct the juice to one side, and into a vessel underneath. To prevent the axles wearing into the wood, nail two or three pieces of flat iron around them upon the upper and lower sides of the plank frame. Any one, with a little assistance from a blacksmith, can construct a simple apparatus like this in a single day, and the whole cost need not exceed five dollars.

We recently conversed with Mr. A. Stoutenborough, of Dallas Co., Ala., who has been making syrup successfully this year, and we give his experience, writing from memory. He planted several acres of Chinese Sugar Cane, in drills, putting one seed in a place. Each seed produced one large central stalk with a number of suckers. The suckers not being so forward as the main stalks, he commenced cutting out and grinding the latter toward the close of August, or as soon as the seed began to ripen. The suckers are to be pressed as they mature. He constructed two upright wooden rollers, of large size, putting an iron band around the ends of them, and fitting with wooden cogs to make them turn together. They were set into a strong frame, one of them projecting up for the attachment of a lever for driving by horse. With this mill he pressed out about seventy gallons of juice in the fore part of the day, which was put into a 120 gallon cauldron, or iron kettle, and boiled down *just as he would sap for maple sugar.* The scum rising from time to time was skimmed off, and when it had become clear he added to it 14 or 15 tea spoonfuls of slaked lime, first stirring it in water to the consistence of milk. The boiling was continued, skimming when needed, and with a slower heat towards the close of the process. The result was, 12 to 14 gallons of thick syrup of very superior quality from each 70 gallons of juice.

This experiment, on a rough scale, by one without previous experience in sugar making, will be suggestive to others in like circumstances. In boiling down the juice, it is important to heat it soon after it is expressed. The heat should be kept just below boiling until most of the scum rises when it may be taken off, the lime added, and the boiling be continued as long as desired, removing from time to time all scum that accumulates. The syrup will be improved by letting it cool after boiling down to say one-half; then strain it through a woolen cloth; stir in some whites of eggs; heat it again gradually and skim, and then complete the boiling.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE GONDOLAS OF VENICE.—The famed gondola which so many poets have sung, is, perhaps, the most delightful conveyance that ever was invented. The quiet progressive movement, the wonderful address with which the boatmen conduct their charge through the narrow canals, amidst crowds of barges, boats, &c., which are constantly obstructing your route, the nicety with which they measure distances in the most intricate situations, turning the sharp corners, and paddling through apertures which you think impracticable, without ever touching the objects that seem to oppose your passage, and gives you the most agreeable sensations of pleasure and security. The price of a gondola with two men is only five francs a day; they are not, indeed, now dressed in the picturesque garb of former days, but their ordinary attire is well compensated by their utility, which, in the present humbled days of Venetian fortunes, is more important. These men act as servants in your house, perform every act of household duty.

VERSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS H. E. SEARS.

I mourned that life so often crossed my will,
That fear of God and wish to do the right,
Not always brought me sympathy, until
Success had made my future sure and bright;
When e'en the good would gather to my side,
For the first time caressing, nor then see
My errors, my deep selfishness and pride,
My want of love and sweet humility.

I wept that I could no high motives find,
Supplied alone from pure affection's soil;
To comfort me and strengthen I must bind
My soul to hard, unsympathising toil;
Work without words of love—these came at last,
But in my need they came not, nor were they
Praise that my work was worthy, but the blast
Of triumph that my strength had gained the day.

The clinging of the weak unto the strong,
Of vacillation to determined will,
Brought many friends, but deep I felt the wrong,
When those who, as I panted up the hill,
Their dainty gaze averted, or drew nigh
Only to hinder and distress, new came,
Offering the falsehood of a sympathy
With my successes bursting into flame.

And scorn and rage and hate grew in my soul,
My soul that had been loving, that had grieved
For human friendship, as it were the whole
Of life, now turned within and coldly lived
Unloving, unforgiving; ready yet
To help, to give the outward needed aid,
But for affection! I could not forget
How long its gifts to me had been delayed—

While I had nurtured and matured my pride,
Complaining not, and coldly smiling still
On all who gathered smiling to my side,
The loving or the selfish, while no thrill
Of feeling woke within me—but at last
My soul grew sad and mourned the evil done
Unto itself, thus cherishing the past
So gloomily, by God's great love unwon.

Gradual within me woke a higher life,
Higher, yet lowlier; a softened sense
Of love infinite sweetly hushed the strife,
And kindled feeling's glow subdued, intense.
In union with the universal heart,
Joining the tide of human sympathy,
Yet holding still a blessed life apart,
I learned this lesson which I teach to thee.

Believe that 'tis more blessed, aye, to give
Than to receive! give love, give needed aid,
But ask them not, work, *work*, and thou shalt live!
If the world need thee be thou not afraid,
And if thy work be worthy, but rely
Upon thyself, and wonder not nor grieve,
If that the world should coldly pass thee by,
And wait 'till needed not its aid to give.

And wonder not that thou should'st hindrance find
To a good work among the *good*, but know
That few are wholly noble of thy kind:
The most will wait their favor to bestow
Till the full tide of popular applause
Is thine, not wicked are they, only *weak*
And selfish, they will rally to thy cause,
But with it their own furtherance must seek.

And pity, not contempt, must ever be
Thy heart's reply, and selfishness be met
With a forgiving love, and thus to thee
The tide of human love shall sweetly set;
And from the treasures of a noble heart,
Supplying those less noble and less strong,
Thou mayst a wealth of holy love impart,
May'st gain to greatness the ignoble throng.

Original Novelet.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Ahrenfeldt's dreams that night were of a heterogenous character which no one could have envied. The embarrassments of his difficult position were aggravated and rendered even more trying in his fitful sleep. He started up, sometimes, half awakened by the enormous reality of the re-enaction of the day's scenes, then sighing with physical weariness, sank back to his painful visions. Now they were in the boat together, and Sonora was scornfully casting back to him his proffered cloak; then, he thought, they stood once more in the dimly lighted aisle of the church, to be pronounced man and wife, but when the rite was over, and he turned to greet his bride, his dream presented to him instead, the thin, haggard features of Miss Saphronia Hallowell, who, grimly smiling at his surprise, melted slowly into viewless air.

He awoke, feeling somewhat relieved that this part of his dream was not verity.

Singularly oppressed by some peculiarity in the air, for which he could not account, he arose and went to the window for the purpose of opening it. As he did so, he saw that the room was filled with faint, curling smoke. It was this which had hindered respiration. He returned to the hearth to examine if all were right there. It was. Not an ember was displaced; the logs had burned apart, but lay harmlessly smouldering side by side. Somewhat alarmed, he saw conclusively that the smoke did not proceed thence.

He rushed to the door leading from the kitchen, beneath which he fancied he saw the smoke issuing. As he flung it open, he was struck with horror to find that the little stair and entry were dense with it; his eyes, his nostrils, his mouth were filled; in that fraction of time he felt himself suffocating, and retreated hurriedly to the kitchen.

It was clear that fire existed somewhere in the building. But where, where? The lighthouse and the little cabin at its side were constructed of the most combustible materials. With a pang of dismay, as Ahrenfeldt remembered this, he gave a great shout for assistance, and wrapping his head in the hearth rug, darted through the smoke towards the upper chambers.

His cries, deadened though they were by the opaque air, aroused at last the family. One by one its members came rushing from their rooms, terror and amazement stamped on every face.

Feeling his way as best he could, Ahrenfeldt found at last the chamber of Ruth and Sonora.

"Open!" he cried, knocking furiously at the door.

There was no answer.

He saw from beneath this door little tongues of flame lapping brightly outward.

Here then was the origin of the disaster.

The door was locked. He shook it with anxious attempt. He shouted with all his might to the two sisters of the awfulness of the impending danger. But a silence like that of death reigned within the room.

Exerting all his strength, bracing himself powerfully for the effort, he burst the insecure fastenings.

Still not a sound! not a sound!

He rushed towards the bed through the rising flames, and dark, increasing smoke. Near it, crouching upon the floor, was poor, crazed Saphronia Hallowell, her black, restless eyes, more restless now than ever, staring vacantly at him with terrified apprehension. In her hand she held a burning candle, with which it was evident she had just ignited the bed clothing.

"It ben't me," she said, cowering from him like a whipped hound, "and you needn't go to think you've kitched me at it. It ben't me. Mind that!"

He did not answer her; he did not look a second time at her white, frightened, senseless face. Laughing and shrieking with maniac abandon, she sprang up and darted swiftly from the room.

Ahrenfeldt gazed wildly on the bed. Pale as death Sonora lay there, alone, rendered insensible by the dense, heated atmosphere. He caught her in his arms, he clasped his wife in a strong embrace, and bore her as quickly as he was able, down the stairs and into the safe, open air.

It happened that Ruth, on leaving the room of Father Lee a half hour before, had returned, mechanically, to her solitary walk in the little enclosure of the lighthouse. The sobs of the winds in the few pine trees around the dwelling, and the surge of the breakers filled her soul with wild defiance of human sorrow. Buried in her reflections, she knew nothing of what was transpiring within her home. She heard not the panic of alarm that had spread itself through it. As she paced back and forth, with quick, impatient tread, her breast aglow with scornful pride, she beheld suddenly in the faint, sudden starlight, Philip Ahrenfeldt come out, and brush wildly past her, bearing in his arms and upon his bosom her sister Sonora, fainting and unconscious.—Ruth's eyes glittered; she drew herself insensibly erect, as, standing there alone, unseen, she heard Ahrenfeldt, while he hastily deposited Sonora on the ground, call upon her passionately, by many endearing words, to speak to him, giving her as he did so, in a fierce, frantic manner, the sacred name of "wife."

Calm, cold, impassible, Ruth Hallowell saw and heard all this. She seemed turned to stone. She did not speak. She did not even weep. But doubt was for her thenceforth eternally ended.

Her hands clenched themselves involuntarily tightly together. The blood sprang from the palm where her nails touched, and trickled, redly, over her wrists. In her heart burned, terribly silent, an overwhelming sense of wounded and insulted womanhood.

At last, uttering a faint, smothered cry, she turned to enter the house. her brain rebelling against the torture of this sight. Her ear deadened, as it had been to all sounds but *those which had fallen upon it*, heard now from within, for the first time, a tumult of feet and of horror-stricken voices.

What was that which met her eyes?

Gray, hazy smoke issued through the open door from which Ahrenfeldt had just appeared. As she approached the threshold, startled, alarmed, she beheld vivid flames about the upper windows, spreading—spreading fearfully every instant. Scarcely pausing for reflection, or even for the perfect realization of this scene, she attempted wildly to pierce through the smoke—she endeavored to enter through the doorway. Gasping for the breath which the heat and steam seemed to suspend, she pressed vehemently onward with a bold, reckless disregard of life or death.

"Ruth," she heard some one call, "Ruth! Come back!"

It was Ahrenfeldt.

"Come back," he continued to shout, "come back!"

He followed her, he seized her by the dress and attempted to draw her out into safety.

"It is too late," he said, "you must not go. The fire is spreading fast."

She shook off his touch with an involuntary shudder, and sprang daringly into the very wildest of this cloudy, suffocating scene, towards where the cries, the tumult arose.

* * * * *

The progress of the fire was very rapid. Despairing of saving anything, already the family was deserting the light, frail building. There was no time, no opportunity to preserve aught but life.

From without came indistinct murmurs from a crowd of men, women and children, attracted by the far spreading light of the streaming flames.

The wind was very high that night for the season of the year. The crackling blaze roared louder and flew faster with each gust that swept over the cabin. Banners of vivid fire floated in awful triumph from the walls. Soon it became fearfully evident that no mortal hand could avert the threatened misfortune.

Mechanically following the others as they quitted the house, Ruth now stood with them a little way from the burning ruin, drearily watching the advancement of the flames which were creeping swiftly towards the tall, gaunt outline of the old lighthouse itself.

One half hour before, sleep had reigned supreme within these fire-illuminated walls!

A short distance apart, the venerable, white-headed keeper looked in dismay on the approaching destruction of this cherished landmark—this faithful companion of his age—this stern, old lighthouse.

Near him, muttering and gibbering, crouched the poor crazed woman, the author of this disaster.

Suddenly there was a cry, a half stifled, but appalling cry. It came from Ahrenfeldt. The assembled multitude saw his blanched, quivering features, and looking in the direction of his glaring eyes, beheld at one of the upper windows, where the fire had not yet penetrated, the face and figure of a woman, making to them signals for assistance.

"Good God! Sonora, Sonora!" was all he said, as he dashed towards the house.

And "Sonora, Sonora!" was the echo of horror on every lip. They knew her well, those weather hardened wreckers, and short as had been her stay on the island, her bright, sunny face had become familiar and beloved.

A little while before she was among them, faint and ill, but still safe. Why and how had she sought admittance again to the burning ruin? In the excitement, the alarm, the danger, she had glided away unnoticed.

There went up a loud shout of horror, as baffled by the black smoke and the curling flames, Ahrenfeldt madly retreated from the door where he had endeavored to gain admittance.

He glanced up at the window with an expression of blank hopelessness.

"A ladder! bring a ladder!"

There was none on the island. Nicholas told him this in so many hard, pitiless words.

"Save her, save her!" cried the old, trembling father.

"Save her!" cried, too, the agonized mother. Ruth's face was hidden on her father's shoulder. She looked up now, white as death.

"Tell her to leap" she said; "for the love of heaven tell her to leap! You cannot reach her. In no other way can you save her. Tell her to leap!"

Ahrenfeldt advanced wildly as close to the steaming walls as he could. He outspread his arms. He looked like some wierd lunatic asking benediction over the grand burning chaos.

Raising his voice, which was coarse and husky with terrible suspense, he shrieked the one word:

"Leap!"

He saw Sonora, his wife, start forward. A gleam of sudden hope vibrated on her face. Then she shrank back.

"I cannot—I dare not," came fluttering down to him in response.

"Jump, jump! it is your only safety! I will catch you in my arms. For God's sake, obey me!"

The poor girl wrung her hands, and gazed alternately at the certain destruction behind her, and the uncertain, prospective one attending this leap.

"I dare not, I dare not!"

Ahrenfeldt gazed around him despairingly. Already the walls wavered, tottered in dreadful warning.

He aroused himself for one last effort. Still his arms were extended to intercept her fall.

"Sonora," he cried, with a voice of mingled agony and resolution, "Sonora!"

Sonora's bitter sobs were his only reply.

"Leap!" he exclaimed again.

"Leap, or it will be too late!"

Her old, feeble father started forward. His gray hair floated about his head; his shrivelled hands were uplifted like a prophet's, unto Heaven, as most solemnly, most awfully he cried,

"Jump, Sonora, I command you! Jump *now*, this instant! Jump, or you shall die with a weight of disobedience upon your soul!"

A shriek, a woman's piercing shriek, rang out above the hissing flames, the fitful gusts of wind, and the partially restrained murmurs of the crowd.

In another instant Sonora was in her husband's arms.

The distance she had sprung was not great. It was only hysterical fear had made her hesitate.

She lay upon his breast now, safe, but sobbing convulsively. He held her there as though he defied all the world to separate them. He looked proudly content. Every trace of his fearful anxiety had vanished.

"I did not—did not mean—to—to risk my life," wept Sonora, piteously. "I went to find the—the paper—the certificate."

Ruth stood near enough to hear these brokenly uttered words.

Nothing could have surpassed the softened compassionate splendor of her now humid eyes, the character of forgiving Christianity which her great beauty assumed, as, taking from her bosom the crumpled witness of her own dead, destroyed Hope, she gave it suddenly into her pale, humiliated sister's hands.

Ahrenfeldt saw this action. Although not a word of explanation was uttered, he comprehended all. He eluded Ruth's passing glance, as one who dreaded because he deserved condemnation.

Like a pillar of fire the lighthouse now stood against the dark, majestic background of the night. The ghastly illumination extended for miles. But it did not endure long.

The eager assemblage on the opposite shore, heard a loud, prolonged shout. At the same time, the blazing lighthouse, with its little adjoining cottage, fell, burning, to the ground.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was spring again.

Soft gales blew over the re-awakening earth. The grass was green once more. Apple blossoms sent wafts of fresh, delicious perfume through the moist air. An odor of struggling vegetation arose from the very sod.

Nature had had a conflict, but had achieved the honored position of conqueror.

In a small, dingy room in the outskirts of New York, sat a young girl, sewing.

It was Ruth Hallowell.

The dust, the dull routine, the irksomeness of city life had left their taint upon the regal type of her features.

She was no longer the reckless, unfettered country maiden, free to roam whither she would over her native shores. She was a quiet dweller in a great city, a faithful but impatient laborer for her daily bread.

Her small sphere chafed her proud spirit. Even the drudgery at Lighthouse Island was preferable to this circumscribed lot, and this stagnant slavery to that little imp of torture, that cause of faded cheeks, hollow eyes, and forlorn, fevered hearts—the needle! But still, with a holy object, she labored on. If she felt repugnance she did not complain. If her soul loathed its bondage, it was still endured. On her own and the exertions of her brother Nicholas, depended the well being of the family. Labor was a necessity which could not be avoided.

She sat there, wearily enough then, sewing.

Her surroundings were all characteristic of her station. The ceiling was low, the furniture of the room of the poorest and scantiest description. But the bare floors were scrupulously clean, the simple pine table white as snow, and the bed neatly exact in all its details.

Pushing aside her work, Ruth rested her throbbing head upon her hands.

To look at her she was but a shadow of her former self. It was evident from her manner, from the faint hectic on her cheeks, that she had in some way nearly made Life a wreck.

And, indeed, it was said that Ruth Hallowell was dying. she had grown so grave, so severe of demeanor, so attenuated of figure, so worn, so daunted of expression. Her eyes had an unnatural depth of color, and from their sunken cavities gave forth a lurid lustre, like those which are doomed soon to be closed to all sights beautiful or unlovely. Her hands, her pallid hands, her white, slender neck, becoming each week more pallid, more slender, seemed to add force to this tale—this gloomy tale that Ruth Hallowell was dying!

Was she?

No! thank Heaven! Wounded she had been, it is true, deeply, wofully wounded, but not mortally—not mortally! Her girlishness of heart, her freshness of feeling, and, for the time, her belief in future happiness, were vanished—but DYING?

For no living man should her strong, free spirit break. It bent, it yielded to the touch of sorrow, but it would not break! No blow, however severe, could attain such disastrous consequence as this with Ruth Hallowell.

"Ruth!" said some one, gently, entering the room.

She looked up, rather listlessly.

"What is it, mother?"

"Father Lee has got back—ben't you glad?"

"Very. Where is he?"

"Comin'. Don't you hear his feet on the stairs?"

As she spoke, the door opened, and in he came. She sprung up joyfully to meet him.

"Success, at last, Ruth," said the old man, cheerfully. "The first instalment on THE HISTORY has been paid me this morning. And now better times are in store for us."

"I hope so," said Ruth, smiling, "for this cannot endure any longer. Flesh and blood are not granite. But sit down, father. I must have a talk, like our old ones at the island. I have had a bright thought."

He took the seat she placed for him, amused at her careless, dreamy way, as she resumed her own, and bent her head thoughtfully upon her hands again.

"Father, this life is killing me by inches. I cannot exist any longer. I will not sew another stitch."

"Really," said her mother, tartly, "you don't say so! Perhaps you would like to try starving instead."

"No," said Ruth, gravely; "I have merely decided to work in a different way, to exert my mind, instead of my body. Give me but an opportunity," she added, earnestly, "and I WILL rise."

"Well," said Father Lee, "go on. Tell us your bright thoughts!"

"It is this. I intend to become—an actress."

"An actress," echoed her mother, in horror elevating her hands.

"An actress," cried Father Lee, in dismay.

"Why not?" demanded Ruth, smiling. "Is not anything better than slow starvation? Have I not the necessary talent, courage, physique?"

"But the labor?" quoth Father Lee.

"The temptations?" added Mrs. Hallowell.

"I can withstand the one and the other," replied Ruth. "I do not accept this life because I love it. But sew I will not. Each day I stick away some portion of soul and body which I can never regain. I have reflected on the subject long and earnestly, and I have decided that whatever I do in the matter *must* be done at once. Listen, Father Lee, listen! You shall hear if I judge my powers aright."

She started up. Her mobile features took the wildly desperate character of the poet's "Julia," as she began the following, and with unstudied, appropriate gesture recited it before her wondering audience:

"*Julia.* Heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result:
Answer to Heaven for what I suffer!—act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare, and marvellously sad,
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind—as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace—
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it;—
And, when she owned her danger, and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin!
Be warned! Beware how you abandon me
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced!—
tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate and reckless! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom and collectedness—
Power, freedom—everything that I have not
Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save
me,
Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave:
And quickly, too! The hour of sacrifice
Is near! Anon the immolating priest
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim! Do it!
Nor leave the act to me!"

As she finished, Father Lee sighed deeply.

"Tell me, father," said Ruth, simply, "was that crude, rough, a sickly, puerile imitation of nature? Are there, do you think, any very monstrous obstacles between me and this path I desire to follow? I know it to be a thorny one, but I do not look for roses."

"My child, any one who sees you, recognizes at once your power as a beautiful and gifted woman. I know you to be above the weakness of personal vanity, or I should not say this so freely. You will doubtless succeed, for the single reason that minds constituted like yours set failures at defiance. You read well and feelingly, but you have not, you cannot have a just conception of the difficulties, the requisite study which acting, as a profession, imposes upon its votary. The scheme seems to me eminently wild and impracticable."

"I have debated upon it too long, father, not to see and know all this. But I feel singularly brave. I have even the good fortune to have had offered to me an engagement which I consider it my duty to accept."

"An engagement!" cried the old man, in surprise. "You have conquered, then, I confess, one of the chief difficulties. How did you procure it?"

"Through the influence of Sonora's husband," replied Ruth, quietly. "I could not refuse a kindness in the same way that we have all of us rejected more substantial assistance."

Her tone revealed that she had grown callous on this subject, and her form of expression strengthened the idea. Philip Ahrenfeldt was now "Sonora's husband."

* * * * * * * * * *

Almost every one can recall the remembrance of a woman, who, for a few nights during the year 184–, dazzled the theatre frequenters of New York by the unusual impression she created, heightened to a memorable degree by her peculiar style of beauty, which was wierd and startling in all its characteristics. Her delineations were said to be singularly attractive, from their close adherence to nature. She could depict magnificent triumph, gloating revenge, or insensate fury, without its general stage accompaniment of disgusting rant. During the ten or twelve nights of her engagement, her performances were dramatic always, but absurdly overdrawn, never.

She had evidently studied sane humanity for models, not madmen.

It is a pity she was so alone in her original conceptions. Were we to conduct ourselves in our drawing-rooms as actors and actresses do in mimic life, we should soon find ourselves located as lunatics in the State asylum.

Old stagers envied this young girl her marvellous self-possession. Her walk was like that of the royalty she personated—it had not that ridiculous swagger of vain, pompous assumption with which men and women who are sprung from the lower classes of society, ape the tread of those, of whose superior position they know little or nothing by experience.

The critics were aghast at the innovations this young creature dared to make in the traditional stage business. It was a theatrical revolution. They buckled on pen-armor and waged a war against her. But she was firm. Her manager was not foolish enough to join the rebellion against her, because, nightly her singular, spirit like face filled to overflowing his gaping, rapacious coffers. *Her* share of all this was a mere pittance, but that was nothing. He fulfilled his original meagre terms with her, and he did not feel impelled to do more.

Yes, the critics were aghast. They thought these unstilted representations an insult to their understandings. Why, her acting was no more acting than was the deportment of their wives and daughters, every evening in their private parlors!

They were right. It was not acting. It was nature. But the Hydra-headed Press at last acknowledged itself conquered. One by one, these satisfied critics wrought themselves into enthusiasm over this calm, unknown woman.

Applause greeted her nightly. The hisses diminished into nonentity.

And Ruth Hallowell was successful.

As abruptly and unheralded as she had appeared, so this young actress returned to retirement. No one knew wherefore. The engagement terminated, she sank into the obscurity from which she had emerged.

Many were the conjectures, the inquiries, the loud complaints of disappointment, which followed her to her retreat. The public was not to be defrauded of its ruling favorite. But it was.

The night the engagement ended, looking dazzlingly lovely in the robe of the coquettish shrew, "Juliana," in which she had just quitted the theatre, Ruth entered wearily the room in which her family sat sleepily awaiting her arrival. She threw herself into the first chair which presented itself.

"I have done with this forever," she said; "the cup is very sweet—the draught exhilarates, but it bewilders too. And at the bottom are the dregs—bitter, more bitter than gall. No truly noble woman will become an actress, or remain such on discovering her mistake. I will not. I dash the cup away. I have done with it. I shall go back gladly to sewing again. Perhaps, some day, Heaven helping me, I shall, after all, reach the sphere where my place belongs."

And, bravely, back to her sewing she went.

From that time all traces of dejection faded from her eye and brow. The experiment had been beneficial to her spiritual nature, giving her an impetus towards better things, and awakening her effectually from apathy.

Not at once, but gradually, the world prospered with Ruth Hallowell.

Her health re-established itself. Rallying, she entered the most blessed period of her life. The past became nothing to her; she ceased, even, to regret it. Its discipline had been useful. She grew to regard sorrow as a holy means of human purification.

Notwithstanding broken friendships, cancelled affections at first carry with them a sting as penetrating as their unspotted faith was divine, the lapse of years brings an unspeakable calm, which only through some such great trial is, in its perfection, attainable. Without grief many of us would pass through life with numb, unawakened, unrealizing spirits;—with it we conquer a mellow, stilled existence; our own bygone miseries teaching us a heavenly sympathy for those of others. And this was the lot of Ruth Hallowell. To walk through a sea of fire, pierced on either side by fierce-tongued flames, and attain at last, healed into divine peace, a blooming, fragrant shore beyond, divided as it were forever from the old life, this was her destiny.

By degrees her purely womanly ambition earned her a position among the good and noble. She worked her way, patiently, up to it.

Then it was that she was happy, not passively, carelessly happy, but truly so. Her spirit resumed its old elasticity her beauty blossomed again into summer perfection. Society became charmed with Ruth Hallowell, and she was successful in it always. The fineness and subtlety of her intellect, the sweetness and power of her conversation, and the delicate temper of her wit, which never descended to the degradation of sarcasm, made her sought and beloved by all cultivated minds.

A Christian soul thenceforth illumined the most minute actions of her life, which, although by no means a perfect one, she endeavored to render so, by dedicating it, as long as it endured, to the service of others.

Years afterwards, when there arose in the world's midst a daring woman, carving Fame for herself in *hearts*, as well as in memories, men gazed and wondered—wondered that with such purity of character, she should mistake herself so far as to seek Fame.

But it was *not* sought!

Another immortal Florence Nightingale, it came to her as a blessing from heaven, unannounced and undesired.

Ruth was proud of this recognition when she saw that it brought, universally, the appreciative homage of souls with aspirations like her own. Scarcely any one would have known in this brilliant, radiant creature, the daughter of John Hallowell, the keeper of the lighthouse.

Some there were who demanded coldly, what was the original incentive to all these things. And, serenely, from beneath her laurels, she answered always with the same frank, courageous words:

"An unworthy affection."

Thus wherever this woman passed, she left a train of mellow glory, like that in the wake of a falling star. THE END.

THE ASSETS OF A MERCANTILE HOUSE.—A commission merchant, whose name is as familiar on Buffalo 'Change as household words, and whose wit and humor never "dry up" under any condition of things, a few years since went to Oswego, and, as has been publicly announced, has "suspended." An eastern banker, whose institution was among his largest creditors, paid him a visit with a view to look into affairs. After the usual salutations and greetings due to politeness, a colloquy something like the following is said to have occurred:

"Well, Mr. ——, I understand you have suspended."

"That is so, I believe, sir."

"Yes; well, as our bank is the largest creditor, we should like to know what shape the affair is likely to take"

"Certainly, sir."

"What is your indebtedness?"

"Well, sir, as near as I can get at it, I owe about $450,000."

This was a poser. Things began to look a little blue.

"Have assets, I suppose?"

"Certainly; plenty of assets."

"Well, to what amount, and in what do they consist?"

"Well, sir, I value my assets to an amount greater than my indebtedness, and they consist of a wife and four fat babies, worth to me more than $100,000 each."

The banker looked astonished, while the merchant proceeded to whistle the air of "Poor Uncle Ned;" keeping time to the music with his fingers, on a desk which had kept a history of his rise and fall in trade.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.—A tailor at Vienna came to the Emperor on one of his public days, and laid a complaint against one of the highest nobility—a Schwartzenburg—that he had ruined the character of his daughter. "What has he done?" asked the Emperor. "Oh," replied the plaintiff, "I own he has no acquaintance with her, but every day he rides down the street and kisses his hand to her, which has compromised her reputation very much, and impedes her marriage." The Emperor sent for the noble gallant, and notwithstanding it was proved tha he had never exchanged a word with the girl ordered him to pay her a compensation of 2,00 florins. He might have resisted, but as he fel it might make him in bad odor at court, he paid the money.

Useful Receipts.

BED BUGS.—The weed well known as th "water pepper" or "smart weed," (*pol gonum hydropiper*,) which may now be foun in abundance along ditches, roads, lanes an barn-yards, is a destroyer of the bed-bug strong decoction is made of the herb, and th places infested with the insect well washed with it. The plant may also with much advantage be stuffed in the cracks and corners of the room.

TO SAVE TOOLS, &C., FROM RUSTING.—Th following is an exceedingly simple, cheap an effective preparation, one available to all, which will at least save all metals from loss by rust.

Take about three pounds of lard and on pound of resin. Melt them together in a basi or kettle and rub over all iron or steel surface in danger of being rusted. It can be put o with a brush or piece of cloth, and wherever is applied it most effectually keeps air moisture away, and of course prevents rust. When knives and forks, or other household articles, liable to become rusted or spotted, are to be laid away, rub them over with this mixture, and they will come out bright and clean even years afterwards. The coating may be so thin as not to be perceived, and it will still be effectual. Let every one keep a dish of this preparation on hand. As it does not spoil of itself it may be kept read mixed for months or years. *Mem.* Fresh lard, containing no salt, should be used. Resin is a cheap article, and may be obtained almost anywhere for four to six cents per pound.—*American Agriculturist.*

TOMATO WINE.—Select and mash *well-ripene* fruit; press out the juice; add 1 pint of water and 1 pound sugar to each quart of juice. Set away in a partially filled vessel to ferment similarly to grape wine. After fermentin sufficiently put in tight kegs and keep in cool dry cellar until Spring, when it may b carefully drawn off and bottled, adding a sma piece of root ginger to each bottle. Whe opened for use a brisk effervescence tal place, and to one skilled, even in grape win it is difficult to distinguish its origin.

GREEN CORN SAMP.—Take a dozen or m ears of corn and pass them gently over common jack-plane, until the bulls reached. Then scrape the cobs with the ba of a knife, to remove the adhering parts, put the shaved corn into a kettle containi four times its bulk of boiling water. Add little salt, and stir the whole until it bo Keep it boiling three or four hours over slow fire. Let this be eaten with good milk, and it will prove a dish that the fastidious cannot fail to relish.—*Amer Agriculturist.*

ZEROTES.

BY THOMAS E. HICKEY.

Zerotes is a man of stone,
He lives but for himself alone;
No wife's endearments soothe his cares,
Nor sweet small footsteps on the stairs;
Nephew or niece he hates the name,
No place in hall or heart for them;
For no one in the world cares he,
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Grave views of life Zerotes takes,
He shuns all holidays and wakes;
A merry laugh provokes his frown,
He sternly puts all nonsense down.
When through the village runs the jest,
He stands unmoved amidst the rest.
A kill-joy hated much is he,
Yet fain Zerotes loved would be.

Of noble, thoughtful, generous, bold,
Zerotes lists not to be told;
Tell him of those who do amiss,
And suffer for't, you give him bliss.
Speak of the reckless and absurd,
He echoes each detractive word.
No gentle commentator he,
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Cold, timid, buttoned up, and grim,
Few e'er have been obliged to him;
Yet while he does so little good,
He talks of men's ingratitude—
Ungrateful, you may well believe,
For favors that they ne'er receive—
Yet through a misanthrope is he,
Zerotes fain beloved would be.

Self-love, oh, what a witch thou art,
What tricks thou playest with the heart!
To keep this wisest of mankind
To one small piece of wisdom blind;
In cheerless life, day after day,
To make him waste himself away,
Seeing not what a child can see,
The unloving ne'er beloved can be!

A TURKISH COURT OF JUSTICE.

The pacha rose as by a great effort to his feet, being assisted so to do by two *nefers*,[*] who each put a hand beneath his shoulders — Having gently lifted him to stand upon his feet, with as much care as though he had been a chandelier or a German doll, they placed one hand beneath his elbows, whilst with the other they held up his robes. He leaned upon them, panting and tottering, as if crushed beneath the weight of the dignities he sustained, as is usual with all great persons on occasions of state in the east.

Slowly and stately the nefers placed him to sit upon the yielding cushions of the divan at the upper end of the Hall of Audience. The crowd of applicants, who stood with their hands meekly folded upon their bosom, just within the doorway, spread the palms of their hands upwards, and prostrated themselves till their forehead touched the earth. The officers who kept guard over the door, pressed forth to make their obeisance by kissing the hem of the pacha's robe; but the pacha, with a condescension which brought out a burst of applause, prevented them from doing so, and offered them his hand. Each one took the proffered and distinguished boon, stooped forward and placed it for a moment upon his head.

"Lah il'lah el il l'Al'lah! Muhammed il resoul Al'lah! (There is no God but God; and Muhammed is the prophet of God!)" cried Latija, the secretary of the court. "Al'lah akbar! (Praise be to God!) all the earth is come for justice to this its asylum in the presence of the Shadow of the Padishah! Let all who want justice now ask, and they shall have the gift!"

As he finished the words, an elderly Turk detached himself from the crowd, and walking rapidly across the hall, till he reached the open space in the centre, he flung himself upon his knees and murmured:

"Justice! justice! justice!"

The secretary spread the parchment upon his knee, dipped the *calam* (pen) in the bottle at his girdle, and thus held himself in readiness to obey any commands of the Mirror of Justice who was seated in the divan above him.

"Who calls for justice? Speak!—we listen!" said the pacha.

"May the life of my lord be like his power, without end, and his shadow never be less!" cried the applicant. "The fame of my lord has reached even to the portals of El Masr,[†] and the light of his penetration discovers things hidden in the darkness of midnight. Therefore am I come, I, Suleiman, the essence-merchant in the Divan Yuli (Divan Street) of the Tabarshi, to invoke the judgment of the Reflection of the Padishah upon that Ibn Sheitan,[‡] Kafoor, the black slave who keeps my counter in my absence."

"Good; and you shall have what is right—for am I not here even as in the stead of the Padishah, the Sun of Justice and the Shadow of the Universe?" said the pacha.

"Taibin! taibin!" (Excellent! excellent,) said the satellite near; and a low murmur of approbation ran through the court.

"My lord the pacha doubtless has heard the fame of Suleiman, the maker of the imperial essences. I have made the properties of scents my study, until I defy all the competition of the Tabarshi; and the science of the Franks is but an atom in the beams of my knowledge of all precious perfumes. A few weeks ago, my lord's servant, after a hundred costly experiments, invented a new essence, whose excellence exceeded that of all other essences under Heaven if put together. A single breath of it, my lord, was like an entrance into paradise; and but to uncover the *flacon* of gilded ivory in which this surpassing concoction was contained, gave its possessor a joy as if he had converted the whole race of infidels to the faith of the true believers. This son of a burnt father, my lord, stole the box in which the essence was contained from the drawer wherein I had deposited it for safety, and took it to one of the cunning Franks, who, helped by Sheitan, found out the nature of those perfumes of which it was compounded. And it was but yesterday that whilst thinking there was but one flask of it in the whole universe—and that one the flacon, small as a pea, which I possessed—I had a phial of it offered to me for inspection by Namtem, the rival merchant on the opposite side. The villain is this Kafoor! My lord, he has plundered me of piasters sufficient to pave the way from hence to Kebaba[*] with gold; for this precious perfume would have been welcome to every harem under the sun, and even to the houris in paradise!"

"Kafoor, stand forth!" pronounced the pacha in a voice of authority. An officer led the shrinking Numidian to the centre of the room, and there left him. The negro dashed himself to the earth, and clasping his hands, cried piteously for mercy.

"Give him the bastinado," was the reply; and the shrieking slave was led to a distant part of the hall, and there, in sight of the pacha, the preparations for the punishment were made. The feet were bared, the ankles tied to a wooden rod; two men held the ends, one on each side. With the disengaged right hand, each took a thong, and commenced alternately striking a blow. The screams of the black were terrible: he rolled his eyes in agony, he pawed the floor, he bit the ground. The infliction was continued without mercy, till the pacha was pleased to pronounce the emphatic "*Themum!*" (enough). The sufferer was then released, and allowed to crawl home as he could.

"Now who else would have justice?" asked the secretary.

An aged Jew advanced to the middle of the hall, and throwing himself upon his knees, with one of the lowliest salams of the east, began his complaint.

"I come to the Glory of the Truth for help, and shall I ask aid of the all powerful pacha who is as the breath in the nostrils of his slave, in vain? My lord, soon after the Bairam, I bargained with this filthy Greek, Angiolo—"

"Angiolo, stand forth!" interrupted the pacha. It was done, and the Israelite proceeded.

"I bargained with him, oh, Rose of Justice! to let him become the possessor of two bundles of my finest *bokhshas* for—"

"Had you paid me the duty on them?" asked the pacha.

"My lord's wisdom is wonderful!" cried the Jew. "He thinks all things, and all secrets are plain in his sight, like the heavens at noonday! Who can hide aught from the Favorite of the Padishah? By the bones of Abraham, my great ancestor, should I not be witless as a dog, if I sought to do so, when my lord knows all things, and his servant is less than a slave in his sight?"

The pacha solemnly nodded his head in a slight approbation, as if the Jew were hardly worthy of his august notice; and a fresh murmur of "Taibin! taibin!" ran through the apartment, to the great encouragement of Yousouff, the silver-bearded Jew.

"I took them to the custom-house," resumed he; "but Namik, to whom I always pay the tax, was absent. I drew the attention of his secretary to the two bundles of bokshas, and said that as I had an immediate purchaser for them, I would take them away, and return with the money at my leisure."

"You *did* sell them, then, before you paid the tax? Did I not understand you aright?" asked the pacha.

"My lord, it is even as you say," responded the Jew.

"Latija," said the pacha to the secretary, "write that Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for defrauding the revenue, and that he is to forfeit his two bundles of bokshas also to the state. Write also, that Angiolo, the Greek, is to pay his avania of fifty piasters for purchasing two bundles of bokshas of Yousouff, the Jew, knowing the same to have cheated the revenue of the Sublime Empire. Now, Hebrew, we listen!"

But the poor Jew now was speechless with vexation; and the whole court, which a moment before exulted in his applause of the pacha, now resounded with a titter of delight at his ill-luck.

"Where did you sell them, infidel?" asked the pacha.

"The bargain was made in the bazaar," replied the unhappy Yousouff, wringing his hands as though he were ruined for ever.

"Latija," continued the pacha to the secretary, "Yousouff, the Jew, is fined fifty piasters for selling bokshas within the city. Hebrew, your cause is done?"

"It is done, my lord."

"Latija," said the pacha, "write, Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for troubling the divan with a cause for which there was no grounds. Hebrew, your case is dismissed."

A burst of applause followed this last display of wisdom by the Sun of Truth, amidst which the discomfited Jew found his way out of court as well as he could.

An officer now led one of those old women who travel with bouquets, charms and essences for sale before the divan. The official bowed himself to the earth.

"What complaints have you, Saider," asked the pacha, "against this woman?"

"None, my lord," said she, "none!"

"My lord," said the official, "this is Zeinip Hanoum, who has been several times before you for her misdeeds."

"Astafa Al'lah! (God be praised!)" cried the pacha, "I find all of you ready enough to talk of others' deeds, but, Mashal'lah! there are few among you dare speak of his own! What have you done, Zeinip?"

"Nought, Effendimon," (my master,) replied she. "Some daughter of a *kamal* has of late introduced certain missives to the harem of Saraf Pacha."

"Did you do it?"

"I? not I!" responded Zeinip. "Not that I have not in my day done such works for the young *sikdam* of the city. I have sold in the best harems toys whereon words of passion were inscribed in gold-dust upon the leaves of roses. I have—"

"Mashal'lah! she tells a tale to which it is a shame to listen!" said the pacha. "Do we not talk of woman?—and that is bosh," (nothing.)

"So you all say," pursued the imperturbable Zeinip. "Look you, my lord; Zeinip has not lived so long but she knows how to discover a diamond from a cinder, and false fire from real passion. See here, my lord, I have all precious things in my basket. What shall I show you, Effendimon? I have silk shawls encircled with love ballads from Hafiz; I have gums of Araby, and spices from the far lands beyond the sea; I have analis whose frames are traced with gentle words; and I have calams whose language, if they be used discreetly, shall be softer than the breath of the rose; I have bouquets to protect from the evil eye; I have charms and rings, and amulets and spells. I have one in particular that I will show you, Effendimon: it is in the form of a box, containing both essences and philters, and at the bottom is a spell by which, if the box be left uncovered at the fountain for one night the decline of the moon, on the morrow one hundred piasters will be found at the bottom."

"Inshal'lah, your secret is well worth the learning, Zeinip," said the pacha.

"My secret I cannot give—the box I can," returned Zeinip, handing it up.

"Latija," said the pacha, as he received the spell, "write: Saider, the officer, is fined fifty piasters for making a false charge against a good Moslem."

This sentence being duly recorded, the Sun of Justice was prepared to lift up the light of his countenance upon some new suitor. One quickly came. A young woman, whose dress and manners evidently betokened that she belonged to the first rank of Osmanli society, was led in by a superior officer from one of the private apartments beyond the hall. There she had been staying till an opportunity for stating her cause arrived, for she was of too high a class to mingle with the indiscriminate throng at the door.

"Holy prophet!" muttered the pacha to the cadi in an under-tone, "but the young houri, after the old one, is like a sight of the seventh heaven! Has she come to complain of her last purchase in the Tabarshi, or to ask for a fitting maintenance from her husband? Bosh der! (No matter.) Bak abloum!" (We shall see.)

Again the pacha looked with furtive and covered gaze upon the fair young creature before him. His face moved not a muscle, but yet, with Turk-like secrecy, his eyes watched every motion of the picture. She was young, and very pretty, as the wives of those Osmanlis, whose station gives them power to choose, usually are. Her large dark eyes flashed with that brilliance which so fascinates one in the Turkish female; although to any man whose sympathies are at all right, it is painful to know, that to produce this strange brightness, she uses artificial and pernicious means—the poisonous essence of belladonna. The cheek was pale and pure, and though so jealously hidden beneath the misty folds of her *yashmak*, you could easily see the beauty of every feature, and even the pink spot in the centre of each cheek. The long sleeves of her *feridje* (cloak) had fallen back, thus revealing her arms, which were delicately moulded, and stainless as newly sculptured marble. A wreath of pearls and flower-sprays, confined part of her hair behind; but much of it had been suffered to break free, and the long dark curls falling around her shoulders, formed a picturesque contrast to the pale loveliness of her complexion. A pretty little foot, incased in its embroidered slipper, just peeped out from under the folds of her large flowing *shalwar* (pantaloon) of pale yellow and violet silk.

She was of the highest rank, as has been said; and I noticed that she began her petition very differently from any who had preceded her. She pronounced a dignified "Salam Aleikoum!" (Peace be with you) to the pacha, and then commenced her recital—while she held up the forefinger of her right hand in a gesture of pretty command, and emphasizing any sentence of special import by slowly moving it.

"My lord, the pacha," began she, "I claim the protection of your authority against my husband. I—"

"Inshal'lah," interrupted the pacha, "a woman has no right to dispute the wishes of her husband, unless it be a case of *devanitig* (idiocy) or of *scaradam* (cruelty). He is her lord and master, and knows all things; and she is as bosh, and less than bosh (nothing, and less than nothing), in his sight."

"Wal'lah! and a *devani* (an idiot) and a *scaradi* (cruel man), too, he must be, or he would not try to oppose his wife's wants when her cause is just, and she has done nought to offend him. I had a slave, my lord, named Zaida Hanoum. She was mine before I married my husband, and he has no right to her. He began to look upon her with unblushing face and saucy eyes, and I chose it not. I sent her away to the house of my friend, Selima Hanoum, but he found her out, and brought her back!"

"Why did you not show him the bottom of your slipper?" asked the pacha, much moved at this injustice to the young wife.

"I did, my lord," replied the Hanoum; "and once I was minded to apply it to his ears, but I refrained!"

"Guzel, guzel!" (Very good, very good), replied the pacha. "The cause must indeed be serious when a wife can be suffered to apply her slipper to the ears of her husband! By your patience, I know that you are in the right—for such can always keep their temper. I will send a script to your husband," pursued the pacha, as he saw the Hanoum taking out a well-filled purse. "No wife shall be unjustly troubled by her husband's fancies whilst the Favorite of the Padishah sits in judgment here!"

The purse was handed to the secretary, who in turn handed it to the pacha.

"I know not what the costs are," said the arch young Hanoum; "but I require no deductions from my gift. If any remains, let it go to the secretary, or any one else in court who may choose it!"

The Hanoum made a dignified salam—the pacha graciously returned it—and then she passed out of court. This case disposed of, the pacha declared that he was so much fatigued with the duties of his office, that he really could sit in the divan no longer. The cadi therefore took his place. Slowly and solemnly as he had been led there, the nefers now supported Alaan from the Hall of Audience. We followed, perfectly satisfied with our Day at the Divan.

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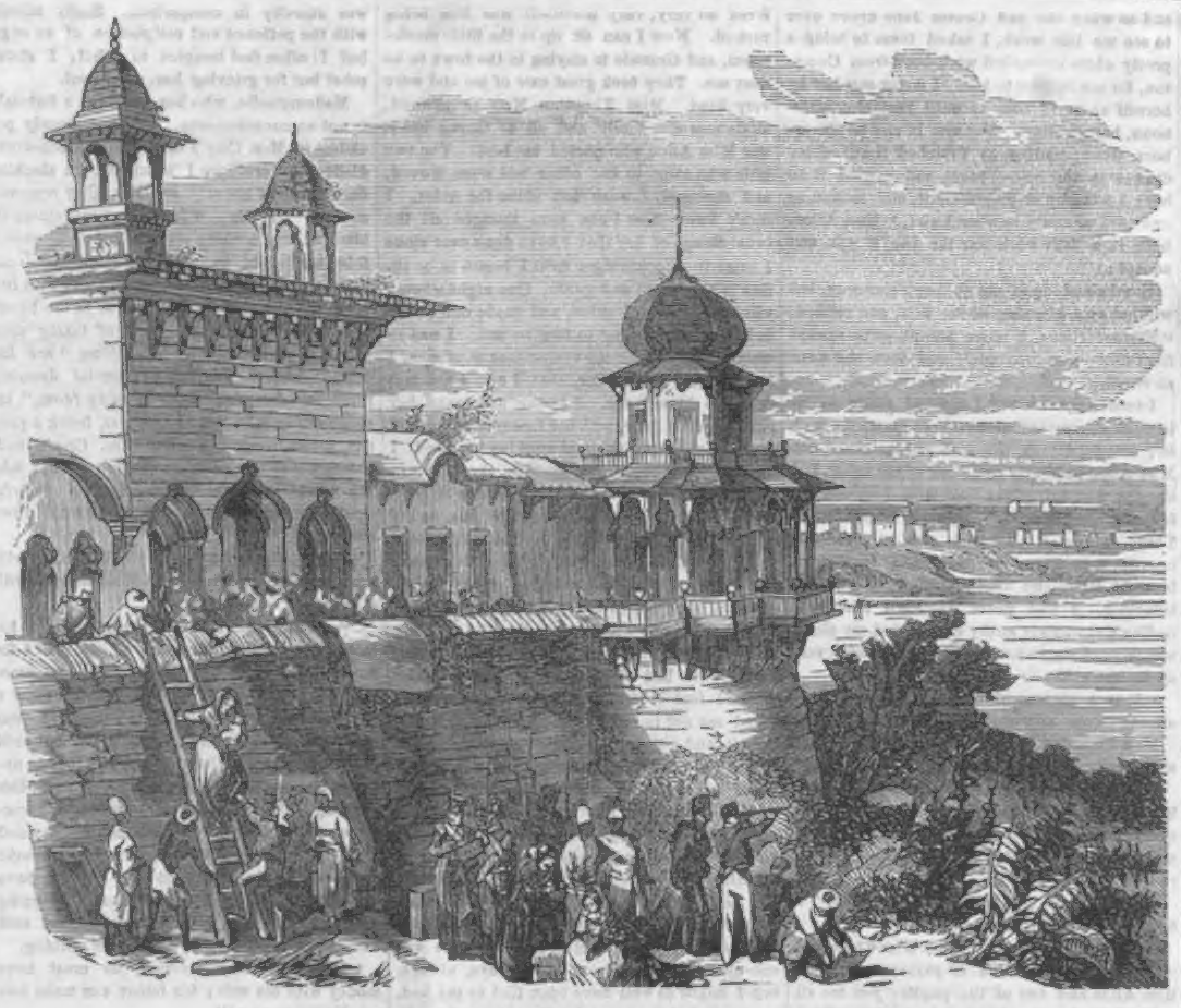
[*] The nefers are supposed to be men of especial purity. As a sign of this, they wear women's hair upon their neck and around their shoulders.

[†] Mecca

[‡] Son of Satan.

[*] The holy temple at Mecca.

[†] Silk handkerchiefs.



THE FORT AT AGRA.

Chevreul's Theory of the Primary Colors.—To understand the law of colors, it is necessary to know the composition of light; Newton was the first person who gave to the world any statement relative to the components of light, which he said consisted of seven colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. It is now distinctly proved that four of those seven colors of the spectrum are the result of the combinations of the three colors now known as the primitive colors—viz. red, blue and yellow. Thus blue and red combined produce purple or indigo; blue and yellow, green; while red and yellow produce orange; these facts being known, it is easy to prove that there are not seven, but three primitive, and four secondary, called complementary colors. Several proofs can be given that light is composed of three colors only. One of the most simple consists in placing pieces of blue, red, and yellow papers on a circular disc, and rotating it rapidly; the effect to the eye being to produce a disc of white light. If, therefore, the eye can be deceived so readily while the disc travels at so slow a rate, what must necessarily be the case when it is remembered that light proceeds at the rate of 190 000 miles per second? The rapidity with which light travels is such that the eye is not able to perceive either the blue, red, or yellow, the nerves of the retina not being, sensitive enough to receive and convey successively to the mind the three or seven colors of which the light is composed.

A Cheap Show.—Within a stone's throw of my father's house in old Ashtabula, lived a queer old puritan ycleped Deacon Daniel B., a worthy man and a Christian (as the times went) although his style of preaching was peculiar to himself, and unlike anything laid down in books. At a protracted meeting, the good people were much scandalized to find that a menagerie had encamped in the same neighborhood, and was "drawing big audiences," from among the worshippers, and among the delinquents several members of the Deacon's family. Amid the general lamentation the Deacon arose and comforted them as follows:—

"Brethren, you must have faith! There is Abraham, *he* had faith—got a knife out to kill his son Isaac with—but the Lord didn't let him *dew* it. And there is my namesake, Daniel, *he* had faith—lots of faith *too*. They cast him into the lion's den, *but* the lion never touched him—and there he sot all night and looked at the show for nothing—didn't cost him *a cent*, either."

The Deacon's voice became inaudible and he subsided.—*Portland Transcript.*

SHAKSPEARE'S INJUSTICE TO MR. AND MRS. MACBETH.

Shakspeare committed against Macbeth the sin of Scott against Balfour of Burley, and others. Macbeth's existence and power carry us back into very dim regions of history; but any facts, or even traditions, known of him tell to the man's advantage, with the exception of Shakspeare's drama, which may have been founded upon tradition.

As for Lady Macbeth, she is Jezebeled and covered with scandal shamefully, without any ground for doing it whatever. There was a Mrs. or Lady Macbeth, but she was probably a woman of a meek spirit, somewhat annoyed at the interest taken and the time spent by her husband on public affairs, when he should have been engaged in planting cabbages and greens, giving receipts for their rents, which were always paid in live stock in her time, and superintending their flocks and herds. We do not believe for a moment that this estimable and rather neglected wife and mother ever stabbed anybody, or cut any throat whatever, unless she had helped to kill a sheep, when friends in unusual numbers invited themselves to dine at the castle or peel. If King Duncan had been a fat hen he might have died by her fair hands, but that not being the case, we have no hesitation in supposing that a lady, who was an historical character, and became, by her husband's intermeddling in state affairs, a great character, was grossly maligned and misrepresented by Mr. William Shakspeare.

We only know of Macbeth that, during his rule, the country enjoyed cheap corn in consequence of good crops; from which it may be inferred that he was a good ruler, who prevented many of the outrages common to the land, with other lands, at that time, and which prevented farmers from ploughing and sowing, because they could not tell who might reap.

PROVIDENCE.

"What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and, of course, she lost it. A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz arises on every side, "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half of the night; of passing his days in his office or in the courts; of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various kinds of wine. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary in some of our cities for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy blooming young girl thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, paid the penalty—a checked circulation, colds, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? Look at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating and drinking, in study or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, and pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c.; and all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed, from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die as if falling asleep.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

How She Managed it.—A certain old lady, who had been famed for sour looks, and not very sweet words, touching the accidents of life, was observed to have become very amiable.

"What a happy change has come over you," said a neighbor.

"Why," said the transformed, "to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and have finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

THE FORT AT AGRA.

[See Engraving.]

Our readers will remember after the battle before Agra the Europeans retired into the fort, when the sepoys proceeded to release all the prisoners confined within the jail, and, aided by them, plundered and set fire to the European cantonments. An officer, writing from the fort, gives a melancholy account of the then condition of the 7,000 people who had there taken refuge. He says that the first few days after the fight were days of true misery, discomfort, filth, and starvation. But confidence was soon restored, and greater comfort began to prevail. They feared no enemy, and were contriving the means of defence and supplies for many months. He states that he is located with his wife and child in a miserable archway forming part of a great square in the fort, in a space separated from their neighbors by a thin partition of grass matting. It is about ten feet by seven, and contained their all, consisting of two small tin boxes and a wooden one with clothes, two little tables on cross legs, two brass basins, cooking vessels, wood and charcoal, such food as they can get, water jars, his gun, and a bed, the property of Government. Another officer, writing in a more lively strain, speaks of the appearance of the interior as being very amusing. The streets," he says, are all named. "We have Regent, Oxford, Quadrant, Burlington, and Lowther Arcade. Ours is Trafalgar Square, Nos. 48 and 49."

The fort of Agra, which contains the Palace of Akbar, and the celebrated Motee Musjeed or Pearl Mosque, is one of the grandest structures of the kind in India. It is about a mile and a half in circuit, and its stately embrasured battlements of red sandstone are seventy feet in height. Nothing can be more imposing than the view of this immense mass of masonry, rising high above the buildings of the modern city, and almost overtopping the domes of the Jumma Musjeed (Sunday mosque), which stands without its gates. Its appearance, nevertheless, is very deceptive with regard to its strength, for the walls, impregnable as they look, are mere shells, and would not stand a single day's cannonading.

A drawbridge, crossing a deep moat which surrounds the fort, conducts to a massive gateway, and up a paved ascent to the inner entrance. This consists of two octagonal towers of red sandstone, inlaid with ornamental designs in white marble. The passage between them is covered by two domes, which seem to rise from accretions of prismatic stalactites, as in the domes of the Moorish Alhambra. This elegant portal, however, instead of opening upon a series of palatial courts, leads to a waste of barren mounds covered with withered grass. But over the blank red walls in front, three marble domes, glittering in the sunshine, may be noticed; and still further, are to be seen the golden pinnacles of Akbar's palace.

Without a ground-plan it would be difficult to describe in detail its many courts, its separate masses of buildings, and its detached pavilions—which combine to form a labyrinth, so full of dazzling architectural effects, that it is almost impossible to keep the clue.

The substructions of the palace are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of its corridors, chambers, and pavilions are of white marble, wrought with the most exquisite elaboration of ornament. The pavilions overhanging the river are inlaid, within and without, in the rich style of Florentine mosaic. They are precious caskets of marble glittering all over with jasper, agate, cornelian, bloodstone, and lapis-lazuli, and topped with golden domes. Balustrades of marble; wrought in open patterns of such rich design that they resemble fringes of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlements. The Jumna washes the walls, seventy feet below, and from the balconies attached to the *zenana*, or women's apartments, there are beautiful views of the gardens and palm groves on the opposite bank, and that wonder of India, the Taj, shining like a palace of ivory and crystal, about a mile down the stream.

Hesitation.—Hesitation is often a sign of weakness, for inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action about which we hesitate are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very *minute*, even although there should be *life* in one scale and *death* in the other. It is recorded of the late Earl of Berkeley, that he was suddenly awakened at night in his carriage by a highwayman, who, ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a *single* highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His lordship putting his hand into his pocket replied, "neither would I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

As relates to hesitation, however, it may be added that it is folly to decide too quickly, in cases where there is plenty of time for deliberation.

The Iron Mountain in the Island of Elba.—Since the earliest ages the iron of Rio Elba, has been worked, without being in the slightest degree exhausted. It is a mountain about five hundred feet in height, composed of iron ore. In the vicinity are other almost equally rich veins; and among them the Calamita, which is the true Magnetic Mountain. The Etruscans were the first to carry off the mineral; they transferred it to Populonium, to whose territory the island belonged, and there the iron was smelted. The want of wood prevented the operation being performed in Elba, and even at the present day, the ore has to be carried to Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, or Bastia. The mines of Rio are richer than those of Prince Demidoff in Siberia, and probably their equal cannot be found in the world. At present they are worked by a Tuscan company, and produce about 35 000 tons annually. Up to the present there has not been a shaft sunk, and thus, in all probability, the iron supply will be unfailing.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL

FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

STOCKBRIDGE, *August 4th.*—This is the first chance I have got since I came to Stockbridge, of writing a word in my journal—and now it is on the sly. I came four days ago, and seem to have been in a whirl and confusion ever since; I am only just beginning to settle down.

At first it seemed as if I never should settle. Everything was so strange. There was only one girl here when I arrived (Miss Alice they call her, and she is the half-boarder); but a great many have come in yesterday and to day—twenty three in all. From what I have seen, there is not one whom I feel inclined to like much, but I can tell with certainty one person I do not like, and that is Miss Alice—I cannot bear her. She helped the English teacher, Miss Smallwood (a gaunt, very disagreeable-looking woman) to unpack my boxes, make inventories of my clothes, and put them in the drawers as if she were a servant; and when it was time to dress for dinner (we dine at four) she came and asked me if I could do my own hair? When I told her I could, she said, "That's a blessing!" and went away.

She is apparently there to serve everybody—girls, teachers, and mistresses. Some of the girls seem great friends with her, but most of them are afraid of her. She is not cross or ill natured, but she is so satirical she makes me cringe. If she only looks at me, I begin to dread that the next moment she will, as it were, spit out a sharp, stinging phrase at me, and make everybody laugh. It is her way. I was talking to Emily Clay about her, and asking whether she were not a disagreeable person; Emily said she was very odious to those she disliked, but by one or two there was nobody so much loved. It seems strange how anybody can love her. She does not look very formidable; she is middle-sized and dark-complexioned, with a quantity of beautiful hair, and very bright eyes; Emily calls her pretty, but I do not. Miss Thoroton does not like her, and is very harsh to her, and she even dares to retort and defend herself. Miss Smallwood and she are at daggers drawn, and are engaged in little wordy fights ever so many times a day; the girls seem to think it fun. I should not like to be Miss Alice for anything, but I shall take care not to offend her.

August 9th.—This is my first Sunday at school, and this evening we have some rest in the garden, where I am writing upon my knee with a pencil Emily Clay has lent me. On week-days we have scarcely time to breathe between each lesson. We get up at six, and must be in the school-room at seven. Then lessons till eight, prayers, and breakfast. After that, ten minutes out here, and in again to work until twelve. Then dry bread and toast-and-water for luncheon, and half-an-hour's recreation. Lessons again till two: then a walk up Stockbridge lane, or by the river side. Back to dinner at four: a quarter-of-an-hour's rest to save our complexions, then to lessons again till half past seven, tea at eight, prayers after, and to bed at nine; very thankful am I to get to bed too, I am so weary of the incessant hum and work.

Miss Thoroton is a very fashionable-looking lady, *but she drops her h's occasionally*: she addresses us, collectively and individually, upon the conduct of gentlewomen, and cites to us as shining examples for our imitation certain stars of surpassing brilliance, who formerly illumined the horizon of Stockbridge, but who have since gone in their glory to other spheres. There is one—Maggie Dickson, whom I never will forgive! Her grace, her elegance, her patience, her laborious industry, her talent, her doing her steps up-stairs, her perfect propriety of manner, and her French accent are a continual reproach to me. I believe all the girls hate her sublime and inimitable virtues. Whatever we do ill, Maggie Dickson would scorn to have done; whatever we do well, Maggie Dickson would have done a hundred times better! and the genius and goodness seem to have been absorbed by past generations of school-girls, while we are *left* lamentably deficient. I ventured to say so to Miss Alice, and she with her smile replied, "Oh! we shall be past generations, next half or next year, and shall become shining lights in our turn! When Maggie Dickson was here, Miss Thoroton used to say she was like an over-grown stable-boy, and she was; she came to Stockbridge when I did, and got into as many scrapes as any of us."

This is consolatory, but I do wish Miss Thoroton would allow us to have one little germ of goodness, so that there might be a hope of something sprouting up by-and-by; but she will not. She says my language is made up of the most frightful provincialisms, which never can be, and never ought to be, tolerated in polite society, and she inquires almost daily, where I have been brought up, and to what place I expect to go ultimately, if I continue to persevere in my present evil ways. I'm sure I don't know.

Emily Clay is such a sweet, good, kind creature; she never says an ill word of anybody; not even of that every-day-more to be avoided Miss Alice. Miss Alice spares no one, and no thing. She deliberately (and I must acknowledge very amusingly) caricatures us all—teachers, masters, mistress, and pupils indiscriminately. She has a book full of quaint sketches, and somebody says she keeps a locked diary; this is esteemed a great mystery and wickedness, as I suppose mine would be were it known, but so far no one is cognisant of it. I have not even told Emily Clay, and she is my favorite above all the school. Miss Alice does a great many civil offices for me, indeed sometimes I am ashamed to make use of her services, disliking her as I do, but I cannot help myself. Yesterday she had to hear me practise my new piece, and I tried to say I was obliged, but did it with such a bad grace, that she laughed and said:—"You need not thank me; I shall attend to you whether you do or not, and I hate sham!"

September 2nd—I scarcely ever get time to write a line in my book now, but I must set down what passed yesterday.

Miss Alice has always had to help me a great deal with my lessons because I am so low in my class, and I thought it was only right (especially as I don't like her,) that I should make her some acknowledgment for her services. I wrote to consult Grannie about it, and so when she and Cousin Jane drove over to see me last week, I asked them to bring a pretty white enamelled work-bork from Compton, for me to give to her. I never saw her by herself so as to offer it until yesterday afternoon, half-holiday. She was in one of the arbors, alone, reading, so I fetched it out of my drawer in the school room, and carried it to her; I felt shy of presenting it, and looked as awkward as could be when I said, "Miss Alice, here is a little work-box for you, if you will accept it."

She looked up at me in her queer way, but without ever glancing at the box, and replied, "Eleanor Clare, I never accept gifts except from those who love me," and then she went on reading.

I turned scarlet, but I was not going to enter into any protestations of my gratitude, so I left the parcel on the seat and marched off. Miss Alice presently came out of the arbor, but she did not bring the box with her, nor, so far as I observed, did she even glance at it. There it stayed all night, and as it rained heavily, it is almost spoiled; Miss Smallwood brought it in, and asked publicly to whom it belonged. I had never expected that, and feeling desperately guilty got behind my slate, and feigned not to hear. Miss Alice, however, spoke and said:

"It is a present which Miss Eleanor Clare offered to me and which I declined."

Miss Thoroton looked up in amazement, and stared at both of us, then at the box.

"It was an expensive present for you to buy, Miss Eleanor," said she; "but it shows a good spirit of gratitude; you have given Miss Alice much additional work, but she has no claim on you on that account."

"I wanted to pay her for her trouble," I blundered out stupidly.

"That you cannot do," said Miss Thoroton, "there is no question of payment between Miss Alice and any of the pupils; you are all entitled to her services, and she is entitled to your thanks, but nothing more. If she had chosen to accept the present, offered no doubt in a right spirit, there could have been no objection; but, as the matter stands, I must desire Miss Smallwood to take charge of it until you go home, when she will pack it in your trunk. There is no need to cry, Miss Eleanor."

Yes, that final admonition was to me! I had began to cry—to cry publicly; all the girls stared, and whispered, and even Miss Alice began to look red and vexed. It was just time to go out to walk, and everybody began to move; at last they all went, except Miss Alice and myself, and there I sat at my desk crying like a baby—I could not stop, and for very shame, I dropped my face into my two hands; I could have stamped with passion. In a minute, perhaps, I felt Miss Alice lay her hand on my neck, and she said, "Don't be silly, Eleanor Clare, it is not as if you loved me, and I had rejected your present—then you might *cry*; but you know you hate me worse than any girl in the school."

I shook her off and replied, "Yes, I do!" so vehemently. I was sorry after I had said it, for all her color went except two red spots on her cheeks, and her eyes looked strange as if tears had flashed into them; but the next moment she laughed in her old way, and observed that she had known it all along, and did not care. "*I don't care*," is for ever on her lips.

September 14th.—What tiresome, disagreeable subjects we have to write about! This week's is, The Four Seasons, invited to dine with Time, dispute which is the most valuable to men. Half the girls are running to and fro in a state of distraction; they cannot borrow from books, and Miss Alice is in one of her lofty moods, and declines to help anybody, or else the common cry when we are in a difficulty over our subjects, is, "Oh! Miss Alice, do give me an idea!" and sometimes she will write us a good half page.

Ever since that scene about the box, she and I have scarcely spoken. I do feel a little bit vexed and ashamed of myself when I remember it, and some of the girls have taken upon themselves to quarrel with me about it. They say I insulted her—I did not intend it, and I don't believe she thinks I did. I fancy often since I began to observe her, that she has a heart under her satire, but she takes a great deal of pains to keep it hidden. Emily Clay does not dislike her; indeed, she insists upon it that if she had not been so harshly treated when she was a child, and since she came to Stockbridge, she would have been more affectionate and faithful than any of us. Miss Smallwood is horrid to her, but she never seems to care, and though she is slaving from morning till night, Miss Thoroton scolds her every day. She is dreadfully impertinent sometimes—indeed, she always appears ready-armed for repelling an attack, and such cutting, bitter things she can say! So very different from Emily Clay! she is nice.

September 19th—Miss Alice has been put into my room, and Emily Clay moved to another. Miss Thoroton said she would not have any clanning in the school, and Emily and I were too much together. Then we are not allowed to be companions in our walks, but each of us is classed with a girl we care nothing about. Now, I call this enough to make us deceitful and underhand! Why cannot we be allowed our natural affections as we are elsewhere? I will walk with Emily, and I will talk with her too, whenever I can, for all the Miss Thoroton's in the universe! Miss Smallwood, too, has taken a spite against us, and if we are together in recreation time, she immediately sends one of us off to the piano or elsewhere. Miss Alice is quite as much vexed as we are, but we have to submit. This is such oppressive hot weather, and we have had ever so many bad thunderstorms lately. I don't like Stockbridge as a place—letting alone its being a school. There is a great, ugly marsh beyond our garden, and it is damp and steamy, so different to dear old Burnbank. Some of the girls are not well, and I am not well either, though I don't in the least know what ails me; I get tired with nothing, and my head aches miserably often, but I don't like to complain.

October 29th.—Oh! what a time I have had of it! And now I am all full of aching bones, and pains, and languors! I can scarcely trail one foot after another, and the least noise almost makes me scream. I have had a rheumatic fever for nearly six weeks, and have suffered so very, very much—it was like being racked. Now I can sit up in the little music-room, and Grannie is staying in the town to be near me. They took great care of me and were very kind. Miss Thoroton, Miss Smallwood, Mademoiselle, Emily, and all of them; but it was Miss Alice who nursed me best. The two girls who slept in the other bed were moved, and she and I were left alone for quiet. I don't know how I can have thought all the cruel things of her that I have done ever since I came to Stockbridge, until I began to be ill. She is so patient and good. One night when I was the weakest I cried, and made confession to her, and asked her to forgive me. I was so weighed down with the remembrance of what I used to feel against her, that I could not rest until she kissed me. I awoke and found her sitting on the floor, with her face resting against my bed, watching me, and stroking my hand. I knew she had been practising in the drawing-room until after ten, and that she would have to be at her lessons for herself by five, and it pained me inexpressibly to see her wasting her few hours of sleep in guarding me. Since that night I have found her out; she never can be cold and repellant to me again, for I must love her whether she will or no. She did not say very much, but she kept still a long while, and knelt by the bed with her face on my hand, and I could feel it wet with tears. At last she asked me not to talk any more, she could not bear it, and got into her own bed. I thought at first she was gone to sleep, but by-and by I heard a sob, and another, and, oh! how she cried! I thought she would kill herself; I never heard anybody cry so bitterly, or so long. I sat up—move I could not—and prayed her to be calm, but she seemed to have lost all control over herself, and could not cease. I know that feeling; I wanted to put my arms about her and comfort her, and to tell her there was one person would love her always, always, but I might as well have been tied to my bed, so utterly helpless was I with pain and weakness.

She fell asleep at length, and so did I, and the next morning she said, very quietly, "You must not tell, Eleanor Clare, what a fool I was last night; you see I can bear any amount of scolding and hatred with equanimity, but the moment I get a glimpse of affection I am broken up—it is the hazel divining rod which shows where lie the fountains of tears in me—don't you use it again, just yet." And away she went to the school-room.

I feel as if I loved her just now, better than any one else in the whole world; she has a kind of power over me, which I don't acknowledge in anybody besides; whatever she bade me do, I should do it. I like to watch her face as she sits by the window, at her frame-work, (she gets a dispensation from school business and keeps me company now and then,) it changes from that quick vivacity and satirical expression, that made me dislike her once to a very placid, mournful look—she has a large forehead and dark eyes, but she looks ill and worn; in fact, I believe she has a great deal too much work for her age and strength. She does twice as much as Miss Smallwood or Mademoiselle, besides learning her own lessons; she says to me, that she never sleeps above an hour at a time, and that this wakeful habit she acquired when she first came to Stockbridge, through a dread of lying too long, and being up late, and not having time for her lessons. She will not talk about herself much, but occasionally I hear a little bit of her former history. She has neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, and she is here to be trained for a teacher.

November 12th—Oh! I think Miss Smallwood the lowest-minded woman! She took me to task this morning about my infatuated fondness, as she called it, for Miss Alice. She said that when we leave school our social positions will be widely different, and that it would be awkward for me to have her for my intimate friend. I cannot express the utter disgust, the wrath that I felt. I said something violent, too, and for that I was vexed, because it gave Miss Smallwood occasion to point out what she maliciously phrased "a sign of the deterioration of my character through our association." To blame Alice!—that angered me more than ever, and I told Miss Smallwood that she was quite incapable of understanding the beautiful nature of my dearest schoolfellow, to whom I was attached equally by my gratitude and my love. Miss Smallwood looked very red, called me an impetuous silly girl, and threatened to tell Miss Thoroton: whether she has done so or not I neither know nor care, but—

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At this part of the journal there is a blank half page, and the writing is not resumed until two years later, when Eleanor Clare left school: the sudden break-off she then explains.

MEADOWLANDS, *June 19, 1848*—Oh! how vividly the sight of my old book, that scrawl, that smeared line, and the avalanche of blots bring back the remembrance of early school-times! Miss Thoroton gave it to me yesterday, when I was packing up to leave Stockbridge for good and all; she did not make any remark about the awful moment when she pounced down upon me as I was making the entry which comes to such an abrupt conclusion; she just laid it down and said, "This is your property, Eleanor Clare," and marched off with an air of intense dignity.

I have been reading a few pages—I wonder what has become of Alice, and where she is now—she promised to write me when she was settled, and she has never done so.

Emily Clay and I are together at Meadowlands, where her father lives: it is a pretty place, but not so pretty as Burnbank. Grannie gave permission for me to pay my visit of a fortnight here before joining her, and afterwards, I suppose, we move to Ferndell. When I was at Meadowlands, last midsummer, Herbert Clay was at home; but now he is away on one of his journeys, and is not likely to come back until Monday. I wish he were here. Meadowlands is rather dull, notwithstanding dear Emily does all she can to amuse me without breaking any of the laws of the establishment. Mrs. Clay is the strangest woman—if she were not Emily's mother, I believe I should say the most unpleasant, tiresome, tyrannical woman I ever saw; she has a set of rules for the guidance of servants, husband, children, and visitors, all equally harsh and equally unrelaxing. How other people support her yoke, I cannot tell, but to me it is insufferable—the order at Stockbridge was anarchy in comparison. Emily submits with the patience and resignation of an angel, but I often feel tempted to rebel; I should rebel but for grieving her, good soul.

Mademoiselle, who has come for a fortnight, is not so conscientious. She audaciously proclaims to Mrs. Clay's face, "'De stitch-work I dislike, de 'broidery I 'bominate, de stocking-darn I cannot abear!" and Mrs. Clay responds, smiling frigidly, "Idleness, mademoiselle, idleness, and nothing else." But mademoiselle folds her hands, yawns in the middle of dreary paragraphs, and suddenly breaks out with irrelevant remarks or suggestions as to the beauty of the day and the propriety of taking some active exercise instead of sitting "sew like mantua-makers in dat penitential dressing-room"—"dat penitential dressing-room," the scene of our labors and dullness, being a prettily fitted room adjoining Mrs. Clay's bed-room, where she does everything except take her meals, although there are two cheerful drawing-rooms and a capital library down stairs.

I wish Emily had gone to Burnbank with me instead of my coming to Meadowlands with her, as Herbert is away.

June 20th.—Herbert Clay is coming home to-morrow, instead of Monday. I am glad! for now, surely, we shall have a drive out somewhere—perhaps to Carlton Lakes; that was a delightful drive we had to Carlton last year when the Brookes were staying here. I should like to go again. I have been at a loss to understand what Mrs. Clay was hinting at all this morning while we were "in purgatory;" sometimes, from her tone and glances, I imagined it might be at myself; but, then, her remarks were so plainly irrelevant that I must have been mistaken. She talked about designing chits of girls with intense asperity, and said once very emphatically, apropos of nothing,

"When Herbert marries, he must have money with his wife; his father can make him no allowance now!"

Emily laughed, and asked if anybody had proposed for her brother, that she was specifying conditions. Mrs. Clay reddened, and said in reply:

"It is well those things should be understood; young girls are apt to deceive themselves as to the actual position of men whom they see in a luxurious home."

Mademoiselle was very wrath, and she has been to me since, indignantly repelling any suspicion that she, Aimee Louise de Chalfont, should have designs matrimonial on the son of any "canaille manufacturier!" I appeased her wrath by pointing out that I as well as herself might be hinted at.

I am so rejoiced that I never let it out at Stockbridge about Ferndell being mine—Miss Thoroton and all of them suppose it to belong to Grannie; but she evidently felt the insult aimed particularly at herself; she was for packing her box and departing à l'instant meme, but I prevailed on her to stay. She acceded, threatening to present a visage de glace a ce beau monsieur! Herbert will not be long in thawing the crust if he is as he was, and Mademoiselle's wrath never lasts more than ten seconds at a time—no fear of a quarrel therefore.

June 21st.—Of all hateful places, that dressing room is the most hateful! There have we been toiling the whole of the long sunshiny morning, and now, at three o'clock, the sky is overcast and threatens rain. We might have gone to Carlton so beautifully if Mrs. Clay would have let us. Herbert came in at half-past ten, saying he had a holiday from the office, and would drive us anywhere we chose to go. Mademoiselle shrieked aloud for joy, and I began to fold up my work, when Mrs. Clay bade us be tranquil, she could not spare us till the afternoon; she really must set her face against such distracted ways.

How poor Emily is to pass her life in this dreary fashion is more than I can tell; she will become as tame and spiritless as a mouse; she is far too yielding and unselfish already. Mrs. Clay tyrannises for the mere love of power. When she had refused us this reasonable pleasure, she ordered Herbert to go off, but he said he had nothing in the world to do; he had made over his work for the day to his father, and so he would wait till we were at liberty. And there he stayed leaning against the side of the door, looking chagrined and uncomfortable, until his mother found him a task to walk into the town to match some wool to work her red parrot with. We have not seen him since, and I do not suppose he went near the wool shop.

Mrs. Clay treats her son as if he were a little school-boy, although he is nearly of age. It is marvellous how he submits to it. I would not. But there is so much in habit. Mrs. Clay is not actively unkind, but she is like flint, and her character is as tough as leather; she seems to have no sentiments, no emotions, no soft amenities of disposition; I could not love her if I tried for centuries, and I do not think she could love me. I cannot tell why, but she seems to have taken a positive dislike to me just now. She shows it continually.

June 22d.—Last night we had a walk down by the river—Herbert and I, Emily and Mademoiselle. It was almost in the gloaming, and I think I shall never forget that dreary, wild scene. Though, in early spring, the water pours down in a flood, at this season the bed of the river is almost dry; the white stones gleamed ghastly against the low dark lines of wood beyond, and there was a sad moaning undertone in the wind such as I never heard before. Then the trickling flow of the springs among the rocky fragments, the rush of the mill stream, and the stirring of the leaves seemed to deepen the silence; there was a strange effect, too, in the clouds—all purple bars against a golden sky, which reminded me of what some wretched prisoner might feel looking through his grated window at the unattainable liberty beyond. As the currents of air swept down the river-bed, they brought a briny scent as of the sea shore. I almost expected to see tangle hanging on the stones, and shells lying about.

Herbert and I sat on the bank, while Emily and Mademoiselle strayed further down towards the plantations, and he began to talk about his school-days; I do not think he is happy at home; nobody could be happy so crushed and fettered as he and Emily are. I do not think Mr. Clay observes how tied down his children are; if he did, surely he would alter it; but he evidently regards his wife as the best and cleverest of women—a very proper conjugal sentiment, no doubt, but aggravating if it blinds him to paternal duty.

I wonder what would be the effect of a little steady, passive resistance, or a crisis of rebellion—salutary, most likely. It does annoy me—stirs up, indeed, the very blackest drop in me—to watch Mrs. Clay's placidly self-satisfied countenance as she contradicts us all, and rules us all, and chafes us all to limit of human endurance. Her eyes are big and prominent, her features are flat, her mouth is thin-lipped, and when it is dropping pearls of moral sentiments, it opens and shuts like the steel snap of a purse. It was certainly an unaccountable freak of nature to give her two such fine children as Herbert and Emily. Emily is very, very pretty, and Herbert has a noble face and carries his head well; Mademoiselle styles him Jeune Apollo, and he certainly has a claim to the comparison, but I would rather call him Phaeton, for there is a very considerable element of rashness in him, and, once his mother's sway cast off, he will do some foolish things by way of trying his power. Emily is rather afraid of him; but I should never be that; his heart and principles are sterling both, and will not let him go far wrong.

June 23rd.—This little book is my safety-valve; but for it I must break out in some unseemly fashion during those interminable seances in the dressing room. This morning I have stitched by finger as rough as a nutmeg-grater with making coarse baby clothes for a charitable basket. I hope poor folks' babies come into the world with tougher skins than gentlefolks, or else they will have a miserable rasping from those little stiff skirts. Mademoiselle asked if they were for a "bebi rhinoceros?" and Mrs. Clay told us that "the offspring of labor must not be trained in luxurious ease!" Herbert came in while we were sewing at the sackcloth garments, and he gave his opinions, too, which made his mother angry, and she forbade him the dressing room. He looked mischievous as he went out, as if a spirit of revolt were beginning to burn in his breast. I am wicked enough to wish that it would break out, and as for Mademoiselle she incites him, both by word and act, to set his tyrant at defiance.

June 24th.—I must work off a little of my effervescent fidgetiness by scribbling in my journal how the days pass here. Mrs. Clay appears to have set all her faculties to hard labor to devise expedients for thwarting and vexing her children at this juncture. What for, nobody can tell—merely through a natural perversity, I suspect. To-day we have missed a beautiful chance of going to the ruins at Springfield Priory. I have not seen them, and should have enjoyed it, but Mrs. Clay was sure her husband had said he should want the horse this afternoon, and, after all, it turns out that he never mentioned it! I did not think before that she would have invented a story to serve her purpose. Such miserable, paltry ways she takes to annoy first one and then the other; at dinner she would only allow preserved plums to the mould of rice, which nobody but herself likes, though there were both raspberry and strawberry jam on the sideboard. Herbert ventured on a word of remonstrance, and all his mother would say was, she wanted the plums eaten up. Mademoiselle thereupon shrugged her shoulders, looked wicked, took an infinitesimal portion of rice and half the dish of plums all to herself, and ate them with great apparent gusto. Mrs. Clay's face was a picture of dismay, and when she saw Mademoiselle about to help herself a second time she warned her that she would certainly be ill; but Mademoiselle smiled benignly, replied that nothing ever disagreed with her, and did not desist until she had, as our hostess desired, "eaten them up." I dare say we shall see no preserved fruit but plums for all the remainder of our visit.

The pleasantest time we have here is the evening. Mr. Clay is then at home, and he likes to have his wife to himself to read the newspapers to him aloud. Then we four can effect our escape, and we either take a walk down by the river or across the fields towards Springfield. Sometimes we meet Mr. Hugh Cameron, the curate, and he and Emily have a talk. I believe I have discovered a secret about them; I am sure he likes Emily very much, whatever she thinks of him, and I am inclined to suspect she returns his affection, from her careful avoidance of talking about him. They know nothing of it at Meadowlands, anyway, for he is received there very cordially as the curate; but Mrs. Clay is too fond of money to let Emily marry a poor man, and he has only a hundred a-year. Every day I expect Emily to come and say something to me about it. To-night, up in Redbank, Mademoiselle left them to themselves, and when we all went home Emily rushed off to her room without saying a word, and did not come down to tea; I am sure something happened in the walk! I should like to—

June 25th.—I was stopped last night by Emily's coming in to me to tell me all about it. Mr. Hugh Cameron made her an offer last night, and she accepted him. He is to see her father to day. Poor Emily was very white and anxious, but very happy, too. We cannot imagine what her mother will say, but dread disapproval. I think Mr. Clay would consent if left to himself, for he likes Hugh Cameron. Emily will make such a good, quiet, pretty clergyman's wife!

June 26th.—All yesterday was a series of scenes—painful scenes. Mrs. Clay is harder and more unfeeling than I could possibly have conceived; she is an atrocious woman! She behaved most insultingly to Hugh Cameron, and most cruelly to Emily. I never saw or imagined any woman so devoid of proper consideration for others. Emily has been telling me that the first thing she did when she heard of the proposal was to shriek with laughter, as if it were an excellent jest got up for her amusement. Mr. Clay was surprised, but might easily have been induced to consent to the marriage, if his wife had not taken the other side so vehemently. She denounced the curate as a wolf in sheep's clothing, an upstart, a beggar, a designing underling, a miserable poverty-bitten Scotchman, and ended by declaring that if her daughter ever spoke to Hugh Cameron again she would renounce her at once and for-ever. Emily was crushed with shame and pain, for he was there all the time, and saw the sordid soul of her mother.

Mr. Clay is ruled by his wife almost as completely as his children are, and when he saw her violent dislike to the match, he just said quietly:

"You see, Emily, it won't do—you must give him up. Mr. Hugh Cameron, you have my respect, but your visits to Meadowlands must cease for the present."

Mrs. Clay added, furiously:

"Forever, sir! do not let your shadow darken our doors again while I live."

Emily said she sat as still as a statue herself, but Hugh Cameron looked savage, and she feared he would break out into some unpardonable retort, for which, in point of family and origin, there is scope enough in the Clay's annals. But he controlled himself, and shook hands with Emily before her mother's face, and each made some kind of promise, there and then, which Emily regards as an engagement.

When Herbert came in from the office at noon, he had to be told all about it, and he was angry that Emily should be made miserable as she is for any paltry considerations, such as his mother cites. He would have liked her to marry Hugh Cameron, who, if he be poor, is a fine-spirited gentleman, and a very clever man, who will rise in his profession before he is many years older. Herbert thinks that even in a worldly point of view, if no other, the rejection is short-sighted and wrong in the extreme. He told his mother so, and she began to cry hysterically, and invoke maledictions on her children, in a spasmodic way that would have been ridiculous if one had not known the sad cause. Mr. Clay was vexed with Herbert for contradicting his mother, and altogether it was a miserable time. Emily has gone to lie down now, literally worried to exhaustion by her mother's tongue and her own griefs; and Mademoiselle, in a spirit which I feel inclined to laud, has given herself up to the task of boring Mrs. Clay, and keeping her quiet in the dressing-room while Emily has a little rest. There will be revolution in Meadowlands ere long. The small end of the wedge of liberty has been inserted by Herbert; and to-day, my impression is, that he will push it further and further in until the prison-doors of his mother's will are broken wide open—the sooner the better, both for his happiness and Emily's.

June 26th—I am going away from Meadowlands immediately. Last night Herbert and I went up Redbank together. Mademoiselle stayed to guard Emily from her mother, and when we returned we found that an awful storm had been brewing for us while we were gone.

But first I must write what happened on Redbank. I have known since last Midsummer that Herbert Clay liked me better than any one; but to-night he told me he must have me for his wife, or nobody. I am quite sure I love him enough to marry him, because I love him enough to die for him, or, perhaps, what is in the long-run much more difficult, to bear a great many lively annoyances for his sake from his mother. It made me very proud and happy to hear him say he loved me, because he is good and true-hearted; he has no mean suspicions and no worldly vanities. One thing he said amused me, while it gladdened me with the certainty that I was loved for myself alone.

This was it. "I know you have no money, Eleanor, and my mother will make the same objections as she did to Hugh Cameron; but never mind, I shall be one-and-twenty and my own master in September."

I smiled to myself, and thought I would keep my secret, and not tell him about Ferndell. He talked of our living in that pretty little cottage by Brookend, where there are ivy, and roses, and earwigs in such plenty, and I let him have his fancy, thinking how I would surprise him when the time came. But the fact is, I should be far happier, as Herbert Clay's wife, in that tiny cot, than as anybody else's at Ferndell.

We had a delicious hour straying over the Redbank and in the wood, but at last it began to grow dusk, and we said we really must go back. We made the walk as long as we could, but Meadowlands was reached at length, and there, on the door step, stood waiting for us, armed with all her terrors, Mrs. Clay herself. I am not like Emily; I don't weep and faint, or else it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences of her opening address. She is a coarse, vulgar-minded woman, or she could not have spoken to any girl as she did to me. "Go in, you forward puss!" was her exclamation, the moment she saw me; "and to-morrow you shall be sent home! I will not have you contriving mischief in my peaceful dwelling, making my daughter rebel, and inveigling my silly son, as I see you are doing!"

Herbert cried out passionately, "Mother!" And she added, in a frightened tone, "Have you been imitating that fool, Emily's example, and seeking a partner without a shilling?" and then she ran screaming into the drawing-room, flung herself on the couch, and behaved like an insane person.

Herbert told me to go away to my own room quietly, he could manage her the best alone, and so I left them. This morning I have seen him again. His father objects to his marrying at all now; and I tell him I will never enter any family except with the consent of its members. I feel strangely confused—happy and sorry, glad and sad.

The carriage is to take me to Stockbridge directly after luncheon; and I shall get to Burnbank by tea-time. Grannie will be surprised to see me, but more surprised when I tell her what has brought my visit to Meadowlands to such a summary conclusion. I don't feel to care much for Mrs. Clay's rudeness; if she had known of Ferndell she would have been almost down on her knees to me, for she worships money; but I wish Herbert's mother was a woman I could love. Emily is ill this morning, from the fatigue of yesterday, but she will soon rally; she says she knew Herbert meant to propose to me last night, and feared how it would end. Being in much the same case, we sympathised with each other, and combined to keep up our spirits for better times. I should have liked to leave Meadowlands good friends with everybody, but that cannot be.

Herbert has given me a little ring set with five turquoises, like a forget-me-not, which I am always to wear; and I have given him my plain signet with the blood-stone. We intend to write to each other often.

☞ The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

HOW TO MAKE A FRENCH COOK.

The proprietor of an excellent hotel not a hundred miles from Boston, decided among other improvements in his household arrangements, to employ a French cook, and by making a journey to New York he found the *artist* required. As the landlord was not familiar with the French language, the preliminaries of the engagement were settled in English, with which the cook was tolerably conversant. Soon after the instalment of the distinguished *cuisinier* a remarkable change took place in the kitchen and dining room of the establishment, much to the satisfaction of its guests. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, pyramids and other ornaments known only to the French; a light house of sugar, with an illuminated lantern, towered in the midst thereof, which would have shed lustre upon a table at the Tuileries. Every guest was praising the skill of the French cook. The dishes were excellent. The entrees and dessert were of the first order—in a word, a French table had been set up in the establishment.

During this happy state of affairs, one of the boarders, a French gentleman who was confined to his room by illness, wished to see his countryman, the cook, that he might order a particular French soup. The *artiste* appeared in his white cap and complete French cook's costume. "Monsieur le Cuisinier," said the sick gentleman, "*Je desirais que vous me fissiez une soupe a la Francaise.*" "Speak plain," replied the cook, "I cannot understand you." The French gentleman, astonished at the answer, gave his order in English, and added, "being myself a Frenchman, I was told by the landlord, that you were a fellow-countryman." "Ah, my dear sir, I am an Irishman! but do not expose me. I have been an under cook at the English embassy in Paris, and there I learned French cooking; but if the landlord should know that I am an Irishman, he would send me away."

The gentleman's order was well and promptly answered, and for several weeks he kept the secret committed to him. The story being too good to keep, was passed around in a quiet way, and after the departure of the French gentleman, came to the ear of the landlord, who, furious with rage, rushed into the kitchen. "You villain," said he, "you have deceived me, you are an Irishman! you could not understand the French gentleman when he gave you an order." "No, monsieur," replied the cook, "me no comprehend his Francais, he speak Francais ver' bad." This reply satisfied the landlord, and the cook maintained his position, good cooking and unsuspected integrity, still speaking his broken English and singing his snatches of French songs.—*Boston Journal.*

☞ Jones has discovered the respective natures of a Distinction and a Difference. He says that "a little Difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little Distinction" attracts host of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

☞ Often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and worldly honored company of Christian mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the EYE OF THE NEEDLE, without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage.—*Coleridge.*

☞ A certain Cockney bluebeard, overcome his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse.

"What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.

"Let him alone," said a waggish bystander, he'll soon re-wive!"

☞ A Western correspondent says: "I attended a wedding a few days since. Wishing to say something becoming the occasion, I approached the fair young bride in the course of the evening, and after congratulating her on departure from the state of single blessedness, I wished her a pleasant voyage down the river of life. She said she hoped so, but she heard there was a great deal of fever on the river now—she hoped they wouldn't catch it the way down."

ANOTHER VICTIM.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Dispatch, says:—"When Mr. McElrath, of the Tribune, failed, he was followed by a number of others in the book and paper trade. Among them was the house of Persse & Brooks, which for twenty years has supplied the Herald with white paper. But Persse & Brooks, they say, were Mr. Bennett's bankers. He had implicit confidence in their solvency, as well as their integrity. He purchased, for instance, a magnificent place, lately, up Fifth Avenue, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars. Instead of paying for it out and out, he had to leave seventy thousand dollars in the hands of Persse & Brooks, and resort to a mortgage. That seventy thousand, gossip says, is now in the vocative. Many rejoice in the misfortune, and, accusing the Herald of promoting the present panic, hint about the 'poisoned chalice,' &c. This completes the trio, however, in affliction, and one may no longer laugh at the other. Wesley, of the Times, McElrath, of the Tribune, and Bennett, of the Herald, have all been caught napping this time, and have accordingly suffered."

A PITY.—Mr. Frederick W. Porter, for thirty years the Corresponding Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, of this city, and as such having a general oversight of its business transactions, has issued notes and acceptances for his private purposes, without the knowledge or authority of the Board, or of any of its officers, to the amount of $[illegible],580 09. These notes and acceptances were signed by Mr. Porter, but not entered upon any of the books of the Society, and were so arranged, that until within a few days, no suspicion of their existence occurred to any person connected with the Institution. No part of the funds appear to have been abstracted, and have [illegible] part of the contributions to its benevolent objects been lost or misapplied. All the obligations of the Society, which have been legitimately incurred, have been, and will be, promptly met.

EFFECTS OF THE MONEY PANIC ON PRODUCE IN THE WEST.—The warehouses of Buffalo are said to be crammed to their utmost capacity with grain, and other produce from the west, and fresh supplies are continually arriving there, with no one to relieve them. The banks, in many instances, have advanced the freight, taking the whole cargo as security. One firm has now thirteen boats lying at West Troy, heavily laden with valuable produce, and they are unable to raise the money ($3,000) to pay the tolls. And yet the banks have not suspended in Buffalo. In truth, it is because of the struggle of the banks to maintain themselves, that money is so scarce there—the banks contracting to the very uttermost, and thus leaving no means afloat to bring in the western crops. Suicidal policy enough.

It is estimated that over 20,000 sewing machines were sold in the United States during the

FOREIGN NEWS.—We have three days' later news from Europe by the arrival at New York of the steamship Arabia from Liverpool, with advices to the 19th.

The East Indian accounts state that Delhi was not taken on the 20th of July. More mutinies had occurred, including one regiment in the Bombay Presidency. Several victories are reported over the mutineers.

It is rumored that the British troops have retired from Delhi on account of sickness. Another report says that large reinforcements have arrived, and an assault was looked for in a few days.

The Atlantic telegraph cable is to be landed and stored at the Plymouth Navy Yard until the next year.

Belfast, in consequence of its late riots, has been "proclaimed;" in other words, the military has superseded the civil law; and two barristers have been sent from Dublin to inquire into and report upon the causes which have led to the late outrages.

Various speculations are afloat about the approaching imperial interview at Stuttgardt. It is said that Napoleon desires that the Czar and Queen Victoria should meet at Paris.

The cholera now extends over nearly all the whole of the northern continent of Europe. At Gluckstadt four per cent of the population have died. At Upsal, the University has been closed until the 12th of October, on account of the epidemic.

A monetary panic has occurred on the Paris Bourse, and the shares of the Credit Mobilier have largely declined. The panic has extended to Vienna.

The London Times attributes the money difficulties in the United States to the efforts of an organized party, pledged to bring about a hopeless convulsion.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 19.—The sales of Cotton for the week have been 72,000 bales, including 29,000 bales to speculators, and 2,000 to exporters. There has been an improvement of ⅛d. in middling qualities. The quotations are:—Middling Orleans, 9 5-16; do Mobile, 9¼; do. Upland, 9⅛.

Breadstuffs—The circulars are conflicting in their reports of the market. The Brokers' Circular reports flour firm and 6d. better; wheat quiet, and red from 1a2d. better; corn steady.

Richardson, Spence & Brothers, on the contrary, report a declining tendency for wheat, which in some cases was 2a3d lower.

Provisions—The circulars report the market as exhibiting a declining tendency. Beef heavy and Pork quiet. Bacon is buoyant, with a slight improvement for fair qualities.

Lard is heavy. Tallow has declined 2a3s. Sales of Butchers' tallow at 61s.

Ashes—Pot Ashes are steady, at 42s. 9d a43s. 0d. Pearls steady, at 42a43s.

Produce—Sugar steady; Coffee dull; Rice heavy, at a decline of 3d. for East India. Carolina Rice is steady. All grades of Teas have slightly advanced, and there is a large speculative inquiry.

Naval Stores—Spirits of Turpentine steady, at 37a39s. Rosin is firm.

BANK SUSPENSIONS.—The suspension of specie payments by the banks extends over Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Jersey, Maryland, most of Virginia, Rhode Island, and to scattering towns in other States. We have definite accounts of the suspension of all the banks in the counties of Chester, Bucks, Montgomery, Berks, Dauphin, Lancaster, Northampton, York, Adams, Allegheny, in Pennsylvania, and presume that the suspension is general throughout the State. As regards Virginia, we have accounts of the suspension at Staunton, Wheeling, Winchester, Alexandria, and many other places. One Virginia paper says that the suspension is general in the western part of the State. The public meeting held at Wheeling to request the banks to suspend was followed by a meeting of the bank presidents, who resolved to comply, and it was at once done. The suspension at Alexandria is disguised, but in no wise differs from ours. As regards Maryland, the suspension covers Baltimore and Cumberland, the two leading cities of the State, whose influence carries all the small towns. In Delaware the banks at Wilmington having imitated ours, the rest of the State is necessarily obliged to do the same. It is currently reported that the banks of New York city do not pay out their deposits, but mark checks "good." We have also news of the suspension of five banks in Tennessee.

OUR ACCOUNT WITH ENGLAND.—The *London Times* lately estimated that the United Stocks held in England, were to the extent of eighty to one hundred millions of pounds sterling, that is from $400,000,000 to $500,000,000. This must be an error; for, according to the United States Treasury Report for 1856, the total amount of American stock held by foreigners, so far as the returns were received, amounted to $203,922,907. Thus:

United States stocks,	$5,000,100
State stocks,	72,931,507
Cities and town,	16,462,322
Counties,	5,000,000
Railroad bonds,	93,871,000
Railroad stock,	9,000,000
Banks,	6,659,090
Insurance companies,	378,172
Canal bonds,	1,007,517
Canal stocks,	354,000
Miscellaneous stock,	602,720
Miscellaneous bonds,	215,773

It is right to add that all the returns were not obtained, but making the most liberal allowances for absent accounts, it may be fairly inferred that the entire amount of stocks held in Europe, does not exceed $300,000,000. Such at least was the impression when a previous return was ordered.

PRIVATE BANKING CAPITAL.—The amount of capital employed in private banking has been approximated in a return of the Treasury Department. The figures are as follows, compared with the corporate banking capital:

BANKING CAPITAL.

	Corporated.	Private.	Total.
Baltimore,	$11,902,601	$5,000,000	$16,902,600
Philadelphia,	14,843,000	25,000,000	39,843,000
Boston,	31,960,000	20,060,100	52,020,100
New York,	62,859,135	41,500,000	104,359,135

The private bank capital for the whole Union is given at $119,000,000, and the corporate at $343,874,272, that is to say, the private capital is one-fourth the whole. It is also the case that in ordinary times of confidence, a great deal of money is loaned from one mercantile house to another. This amounts to considerable sums which are not embraced in the enumeration of banking capital, but which actually compete with it. There is also a great deal of money employed by retired merchants and other capitalists in buying business paper of that class which does not go in bank. That is to say, all notes over 60 days, and this capital is embraced under neither of the other heads.

REMOVING THE SIGN.—It is an invariable custom in Boston for a man of business who fails, to remove his sign from his door. We perceive that this practice has been followed in this city by the branch of an old and most respectable Boston firm, which has unfortunately suspended payments this week.

Many years ago, one MOSES POOR failed in Boston, and did not comply with the usual custom of removing his name. During the night, the boys took down his sign, sawed it in two, and replaced it, but with the names reversed, so that it read POOR MOSES.—*Philadelphia Press.*

NEW COTTON begins to arrive at all the usual receiving points in the South, and commands ready sale at an average of sixteen cents a pound. This is hard for England. While one of her best markets for manufactured goods is cut off by war, she is obliged to pay a double price for the raw material. It is not so bad for the United States, however. The Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, once said, "give us six cents a pound for our cotton and we will grow rich."

THE NUMBER of failures reported within the last month throughout the country is little short of four hundred, and they involve liabilities to the amount of between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE at Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery county, James Warrenne Sunderland, L. L. D., President. This institution, created a regular college by legislative enactment, held its commencement on the 24th ult. The attendance was very large.

☞ E. W. Clark, Dodge & Co., bankers, of New York, have suspended. A card from E. W. Clark & Co., of Philadelphia, says that the failure does not seriously affect them here, and that they will go on with their business as usual.

NEWS ITEMS.

SUGAR.—The Newburyport Herald states that a cargo of very fine sugar is stored upon Johnson's wharf, in that city, for which a firm in Boston paid 12½ cents per pound; now it will not bring 9 cents. The depreciation, storage, shrinkage, &c., will occasion a loss of forty dollars on a hogshead.

TWO DROVERS, of Lincoln, Me., gathered a herd of one hundred and nineteen cattle, and started with them for Brighton. Near Bangor, they placed them in a pasture for the night. The next morning sixty head were missing. Search being made, it was found that a portion of the sixty had passed two toll-bridges, and arrived at Mattawamkeag, a distance of seventy miles, the next night after leaving Bangor. The remainder of the sixty were found in the woods about two miles from the pasture from which they escaped.

THE POTATO ROT, which seems to have spent its fury East and North of us, has but slightly affected the crop South and West. In Western Pennsylvania and throughout Ohio, the crop is large and sound. In West Jersey the crop is also good.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WHERE IT WENT.—The London Times declares May, June, July and August, to have been the hottest months ever experienced in England. If we did not get our average of summer heat this side of the globe, it was because the other side robbed us of it, and got more than its fair share.

COINAGE OF NEW CENTS.—Within the past three months 8,000,000 new cents have been issued from the mint in this city, weighing 43 tons.

DR. GILL was pastor of the Baptist Church in Carter Lane, London, for fifty-four years. He was succeeded by Dr Rippon, who filled the office for sixty-three years. That Church, therefore, had but two pastors in one hundred and seventeen years.

TWO OF THE BEST KNOWN publications in Great Britain—the London Journal and the Family Herald—have just changed hands. The former has been bought by Mr Ingram, the proprietor of the London Illustrated News, for $100,000, and an annuity of $5,000 a year to Mr. Stiff, the former proprietor. The latter has been obtained for $50,000, by Messrs. Spalding & Hodge, the paper-makers, and by Messrs. Stevens & Co., the printers, jointly.

AT THE WRECK of the Central America, fifteen or sixteen persons locked themselves up in the state-rooms, saying they would rather die there than go down struggling with death in the waters. Five or six were sick in their berths, and perished that way.

THE SORGHO CANE DANGEROUS FOOD.—The Columbia Southern Light, learns, "through a highly respectable source, that two gentlemen of that city who planted and fed the Sorgho cane to stock, regard it as dangerous food, and resolved to abandon its cultivation."

VERY CALCULATING.—One of the Central America passengers arrived with very closely trimmed hair, which he stated he had clipped off himself before the vessel went down, to save being grappled by the drowning crowd.

THRIVING SOUTHERN STATES.—In Georgia, the value of manufactured cotton increased from $304,302, in 1840, to $1,131,014, in 1850; in Alabama the increase in the same period, was from $17,574 to $382,230.

IT IS reported that, in consequence of the reforms brought about by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, that city has been governed during the past year at an expense of only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, against an expenditure the previous year of over one million five hundred thousand dollars—six times as much as it now costs.

IT APPEARS that, on the lines of the United States, the number of telegraphic messages transmitted in 1857, exceeded eleven millions, on which the tolls must have been twenty millions dollars.

THE TIP TOP and Summit Houses, on Mount Washington, have been attached by a sheriff, one of the half dozen claimants to that acre of rocks having taken legal steps to secure possession.

THE COUNCIL GENERAL of the Department of Gironde, France, have passed resolutions in favor of free trade. Only two out of eighty-six departments have declared themselves favorable to this policy.

WILLIAM L. CORY, a benevolent old gentleman, of Huron, Michigan, recently bought a pretty little blue-eyed child from her drunken parents, for $3,000.

A CONVENTION in favor of a dissolution of the Union has been formally called to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th and 29th of October, and the call is signed by 6,033 persons of whom 4,200 are legal voters. Of the latter, 1,187 reside in Ohio, 215 in Massachusetts, 500 in New York, 351 in Indiana, 315 to Michigan, 277 in Pennsylvania and 136 in Iowa.

A NEW WINE.—We have had the pleasure of tasting a (to us) new wine, made from the juice of the tomato. We consider ourself a "good judge of wine, and pronounce this a first-rate article. It is made with no other ingredients than the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and very much resembles champaigne, a light, transparent color, with a pleasant, palatable flavor. We believe it can be made equal to the best champaigne.—*East Tennessean.*

A receipt is given this week in the Post.

WORTH KNOWING.—Attila Burlingame, a farmer of Cortland, N. Y., says that wheat can be prevented spoiling in bins, if one dry brick is put in with it for every five bushels.

DR. J. WARREN, of Boston, writes in the Medical Journal, in favor of the use of cocoa nut oil as a substitute for cod liver oil—certainly an agreeable exchange for the patient.

THE SUBMARINE telegraph cable connecting Europe and Africa, was successfully laid on the 9th inst., between Bona and Cape Teulada, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles. It was submerged more than two miles deep a part of the distance.

THE GAZETTE officially announces the elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the title of Baron Macaulay, and Lord Robert Grosvenor to the title of Baron Ebury.

DULL TIMES.—The Providence Journal says that another week has passed without a single sale of Printing Cloths in that market.

THE WATER in Lake Michigan is now higher than it has been for several years, this being the seven years' high tide, as it is called by the sailors.

AMONG the Mormons, boys of ten and twelve years of age are enrolled in military bands, called the "Hope of Israel."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct '62	100	—
" " '67	118	—
" " '68	116	—
" " '56	100	—
Phila 6 pr ct	81½	83
" " new	92½	93½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy city 6 pr ct	—	—
" county	58	60
Alle co RR 6's	55	59
Penn		
" 5 "	79¼	79½
" " coupon	86	87
Tenn 6 pr ct	71	74½
" 5 " coupon	73	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	97	[illegible]
Penn RR 6 pr ct	84	86
2d m't loan '83	64	66
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	62	70
P G A N R R	58	62½
Reading RR	69	70
" " m't	62	63
H & Lan RR	—	—
Che Val RR	—	—
Tioga RR	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 RR 6 pr ct	80	81
Long I R R	—	—
Sch Nav '82	52	56
Lehigh Nav	94	94
Mort	92	93
C & D C	—	—
Sus & Tid '78	41	50
Union Canal	37	40
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m't 7 pr ct	63	60
2d " 7 pr ct	52	54
Catawissa	45	50
North Penna 6 pr ct	[illegible]	42½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	89	90
Penna	38½	38¾
Bea Meadow	44¼	44½
North Penna	7½	8
Phil Ger & Nor	50	55

	Bid.	Asked.
Reading	14¼	14½
Minehill	53	53½
Har & Lan	49	51
Chester Val	3	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	18	19
Long Island	7½	8
Will'sport & Elmira	9	11
Catawissa		7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	7	9
" preferred	14½	15
Lehigh Nav	45	47
Morris consolidated	31	34
" preferred	82	84
C & Del	—	—
Union	2½	3½
Sus & Tidewater	—	6
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer		147
Penna		
Phila	105	112
Far & Mec	57	57½
Commercial	46	40
N Liberty	53	55
Mechanics	24	26
Southwark	76	80
P Township	30	32
Kensington	65	68
Girard	8¼	8½
Western	63	65
Man & Mech	25	28
Commerce	—	—
Tradesman's	50	—
City	—	—
Consolidation	—	—
Commonwealth	—	—
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	—	—
Ex'ge Pitts	—	—
Kentucky	100	104
Northern, Ky	100	115
Louisville, Ky	100	108
Farmers, Ky	100	110
Union, Nash Tenn	90	100
Plant's, Tenn	100	101
Com & R Vick	6	7
N O Gas Lt	120	125

THE Lexington (Mo.) Express announces the arrival of Captain Russel from Salt Lake, who states that the Mormons had fortified Fort Bridger, with the declared intention of defending it against the United States troops.

THE amount of specie in the United States is estimated at about $300,000,000, or equal to $12 in coin for every man, woman and child in the country.

PORK IN INDIANA.—In Gibson county, Indiana, last week, 2,000 hogs were contracted for at $6 nett.

ABUNDANCE AT THE WEST.—The Chicago (Ill.) Press, says that their grain, hay and potatoes are all abundant, and secured. It also says:—"A large store of choice butter will be added to the dairy products of the summer, which were never equalled in quantity nor exceeded in quality. All kinds of roots and garden vegetables turn out well. We never saw so great an abundance of fine cabbages, and there are onions, beets, turnips, etc., to match. And to these bounties are to be added all sorts of fruits in profusion.

NEW SAFETY VALVE.—A new kind of safety valve for steam boilers is announced. It is an elbow pipe, fixed below the water level of the boiler, and subject to the action of the fire. The pipe is perforated with holes containing metal plugs, more or less fusible, according to the working pressure of the boiler. The moment that the water in the boiler, from neglect or otherwise, is below the level and leaves the pipe bare, the heat from the furnace acts upon the plugs, which melt, and the steam oozing through the holes, immediately relieves the pressure in the boiler and extinguishes the fire, making explosion impossible.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been extremely dull. The receipts are moderate, the stock is steadily accumulating, and the demand has been quite limited both for export and home consumption, but prices remain without essential change, and holders manifest no anxiety to realize. The only sales reported for export are 2000 bbls at $5.50 ⅌ bbl for common superfine, at which figures it is freely offered; $5,75 for Western extra; $6a6,25 for XX, and $6.50 up to $ for extra family and fancy lots. There has been little or no inquiry for Rye Flour or Corn Meal, and no sales of either have come under our notice.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been comparatively small, but there has been very little demand for it, and prices have declined 1a2c ⅌ bush. Sales of 16,000 bush at $1 for inferior to $1.30 for prime red, and $1.32a1.35 for white—closing at $1.25 for prime red, and $1.35 for white. Rye sells on arrival for distilling at 7[illegible]c. Corn is dull and has declined 3a5c. Sales of 12,000 bush yellow at 74a76c—closing at the lowest figure; some white at 75c, and damaged at 70c. Oats are in good demand. Sales of 3000 bush Delaware at 34a[illegible]c ⅌ bush—closing at the latter figure, which is an advance.

PROVISIONS—The stringency of monetary affairs has had no effect upon the market, in consequence of the absence of supplies. There has been very little movement, and no essential change to notice in prices. Pork is scarce. Small sales of Mess at $23a23.50, cash, and Prime at $22a22.50 ⅌ bbl. City Packed Mess Beef sells for ship stores, as wanted, at $23, cash. Bacon—There is none coming forward, and the stock is about exhausted. Small sales of Hams at 14a15c for plain and canvassed; Sides at 15a15½c, and Shoulders at 13a13½c ⅌ lb, cash and on time. Nothing doing in green salted Meats. Lard is scarce, and but little inquired after; small sales of barrels at 16c, and kegs at 17c ⅌ lb, cash. Butter is in limited request; sales of solid packed at 14a15c ⅌ lb, cash; Roll at 16a20c, and some Grease at 12½c. Roll is scarce.

BARK—Has been more inquired after at the decline of $3 ⅌ ton, noted early in the week, and further sales of 200 barrels No. 1 Quercitron have been made at $31. Tanners' Bark sells at our last quotations, upon arrival.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce. Small sales of Yellow at 30c ⅌ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been a steady demand for Adamantine, and further sales of 800 boxes city manufactured have been made at 21a22c ⅌ lb, 4 mos.

COAL—During the past week the market has been very much depressed, and in the absence of suitable currency and a material falling off in the demand from the Eastward, a number of the miners have been compelled to cease operations. Coal vessels are plenty, and in the absence of orders the rates of freight have materially declined. Nothing doing in Bituminous.

COFFEE—A cargo of Rio has arrived since our last notice. The demand has been quite limited, but prices remain without change. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 11a11½c, and some Laguayra at 13c ⅌ lb, on time.

COPPER—There has been nothing doing in either English Sheathing Copper or Yellow Metal.

COTTON—The distrust that has been engendered by the unsettled state of monetary affairs, and unsatisfactory state of trade generally, has about suspended operations in this article, and prices are nominal. There is a wide margin between the cash and time prices. Sales of 120 bales Upland from 13½ to 17½c per lb.

DRUGS AND DYES—But very little doing. Small sales of Soda Ash at 3a3¼c; Bleaching Powders at 3a3¼c, Logwood $21, and Blue Vitriol at 11c. ⅌ lb, on time.

FEATHERS—There are not many offering, and the sales have been only in small lots at 50 a 55c. ⅌ lb. for good Western.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel are unsettled. The demand has been quite limited, and all the recent arrivals are unsold, and have been placed in store. The sales are only in small lots from store at $14a$15 ⅌ barrel for medium No. 1's; $12.50a$13 for 2's, and $9,50 for large No. 3's. Of large No. 1's and small No. 2's but few offering. But few pickled Herring offering. Cod Fish are selling from $4 25 to $4.50.

FRUIT—Nothing doing in foreign, and but little stock of any description here to operate in. Green Apples and Peaches are selling freely at our former quotations. A few new Dried Apples have been sold at 9a10c ⅌ lb.

GINSENG—There has been nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified. There is no inquiry.

GUANO—There has been a steady demand at our last quotations.

HEMP—Is quiet and without transactions.

HIDES—The demand has been limited, and no further sales have come under our notice.

HOPS—Are exceedingly dull. A few small lots of new crop, Eastern, were disposed of at 11a14c ⅌ lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but there has been very little doing.

IRON—The depression, noted for weeks past, still continues, but there is no quotable change in prices. The sales of Pig Metal has been in a small way from store, at $28, $25, and $24 ⅌ ton, six months. Scotch Pig is nominal. Bar and Boiler Iron are steady at our last quotations.

LEAD—There is but little Pig Lead offering, and little or no demand for it. A sale of Virginia at 6½c ⅌ lb, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a fair inquiry for prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but other descriptions are neglected.

LUMBER—Of all descriptions is very dull, but prices are unchanged. A cargo of Calais Laths sold at $1.[illegible] ⅌ M. Yellow Pine sap-boards range from $12 to $16 ⅌ M feet.

MOLASSES Prices are entirely nominal, there being little or no demand for any description, except for small lots of Sugar House. A sale of New York Syrup at 31a40c.

NAVAL STORES—The market has been extremely quiet. Rosin, Tar and Pitch are selling in a retail way at former rates. The stocks are very much reduced. Spirits of Turpentine is very quiet. Small sales at 40a42c, cash.

OILS—A small sale of Olive Oil at $1.25 on time. There is a steady store demand for Fish Oils, and prices are well maintained. Lard Oil is scarce, but meets a limited inquiry at $1.18a$1.20, 4 months, for No. 1 Winter. Linseed Oil is steady at 73a74c.

PLASTER—Continues very dull. Two cargoes of Soft sold at $2.[illegible] ⅌ ton.

RICE—The stock is small, but there is very little demand for it; sales of 60 casks at $5.25a5.50, 4 mos.

SALT—Prices remain without change; a lot of 2500 sacks "Star Mills" sold for export at 80c, cash, for 9 and 10th sacks.

SALTPETRE—Is unchanged. The stock of E I Crude is very small; sales of 50 bags at 14c ⅌ lb, on time.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed, and but little coming forward; small sales at $6a6.25 ⅌ 64 lbs—the former rate of fair quality. There is a steady demand for Timothy, and further sales have been made at $2.50a2.75 ⅌ bush. Flaxseed is lower.

SPICES—The only transaction reported is a small lot of Mace at 95c ⅌ lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin sell slowly. Whiskey has been in limited demand and is unsettled. Sales of 1000 bbls at 25a26c for Eastern, Ohio and Prison; 24a25c for hhds, and 21a22c for Drudge—closing at our lowest figures.

SUGAR—The market continues extremely quiet, and prices favor buyers. Small sales of Cuba at 11a12c ⅌ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Has been but little inquired after. Small sales of City rendered at 11a12c ⅌ lb, cash.

TEAS The demand has been limited for both Blacks and Greens, but prices are well maintained.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there has been very little doing.

WINES—The transactions have been unimportant.

WOOL—In Wool very little doing. A large number of the manufacturers have ceased operations, and the dealers manifest an unwillingness to operate at present.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ⅌ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp ⅌ lb	8 @10
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Breast and Neck	6 @ 8
Rump do	12½@16	Young Lamb, whole	$5,00
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcase	8 @ 9
Plates and navels Corned	8 @10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	65 @75	Fore quarter ⅌ lb	8
Leg, each	31½@37½	Hind do	[illegible]
Shin	25 @44	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 @12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver ⅌ lb	6¼	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef ⅌ lb	18 @20	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 50
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Feet, ⅌ set	12½@ 15
Chop ⅌ lb	10 @12½	Tripe, ⅌ lb	4 @ 6
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Lard do	13 @ [illegible]
		Hams, sliced	12½@ 18
		Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
VEGETABLES.			
Turnips bbl	42 @31½	Corn potatoes bu	50 @ 65
do hf pk	12½@ 14	do bbl	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do hf pk	14 @ 16
Cabbage bbl	87½@1 12	Onions bus	— @ 50
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	2
Salad head	1 @ 5	Tomat's per hf peck	6 @ 8
S't Pota's ⅌ bus	$1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 62
do do ⅌ lb	6 @ 9	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10
FRUIT.			
Apples ⅌ bbl	[illegible]	Blackberries	8 @10
do hf pk	12½@ 25	Whortleberries	6 @12½
Cranberries qt	18	Apricots ⅌ doz	
Watermelons	6½@25	Peaches ⅌ basket	$1 50@ 2
Cantaloupes	6 @12	do half pk	16 @37½
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens ⅌ pair	31 @ 87	Sqb Pig'ns pr	40 @ 44
Chickens ⅌ pair	75 @1 25	Woodcock	60 @ 75
Blackbirds ⅌ doz	25	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Reed Birds	37½@40	Snipe, each	37½
SHELLFISH.			
Terrapin(South)doz	$4 @ 8 00	Oysters, Absecom, ⅌ bkt	62 @ 88
do (Ches & Del)	6 00 @ 8 00	do ⅌ M	4 00 @8 00
Lobsters lb	8 @ 10	M Riv Cove M	3 00 @4 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	N Y do ⅌ bbl	10 00 @11 00
Soft Shell Crabs	1 50 @2 00		
FISH.			
Halibut lb	10 @12	Perch bunch	6¼@18¾
Bass	6 @ 9	Catfish	6 @12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 8	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	6 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	8	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	8
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	25 @ 45
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter lb	20 @25	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	16 @20	Smearcase cake	8
Eggs doz	16 @17		

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 62 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

NEWS FROM VIRGINIA.

MADISON, C. H., Va., Oct. 21, 1856.

Dr. C. M. Jackson, Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in adding one certificate to your list, and recommending Hoofland's German Bitters to all who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia or Piles. I had been afflicted some four or five months with Dyspepsia, when I commenced taking the Bitters, and they effected a perfect cure. I had also severe pain in my stomach, attended with Piles. I have never had no attack of the same nature since I was cured by the Bitters, and I very cheerfully recommend them to all who may be similarly afflicted.

H. CARVER, *late P. M.*

Witness—Jas. M. Floyd.

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters. It is sold by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

DO NOT NEGLECT A COUGH, however slight, it is hardly excusable, when a simple remedy like Wistar's Wild Cherry Balsam is within your reach. This is in nearly all cases effectual. No family should be without it.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, 186 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of June, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. JOSEPH HEMPHILL, to Miss JANE CAMPBELL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL, to Miss HANNAH IRONS, both of this city.

On the 29th of Aug. by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. JOHN W. BROWN, to Miss ELIZABETH REX, both of Manayunk, Pa.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES RANKIN, to Miss MARGARET STEVENSON.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL J. HUMPHREYS, to Miss MARGARET B. FREED, both of this city.

In New York, on the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. M. Macauly, CORNELIUS C. NEWHOUSE, to HARRIETTE E. daughter of Capt. R. T. Hartshorne, all of New York.

On the 7th of June, by the Rev. Theo. Stork, D. D., Mr. JAMES P. ROBBINS, to Miss LOTTIE GONSLEY, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Mason, Mr. JAMES McNALLY, to Mrs. SARAH FELKER, both of this city.

On the 12th of July, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN BROWN, to Miss LIZZIE GRANT, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JOSEPH HARVEY, Esq. to Miss SARAH JANE, daughter of Wm. Hoge, Esq. both of this city.

On the 15th of July, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. JAMES G. WILSON, to Miss RACHEL HUTCHINSON, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, Mr. WILLIAM ELSASSER, to Miss CATHARINE FLEW, both of Germantown.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, SARAH, wife of Edwin Hulley.
On the 28th ult. Mr. FRANCIS SHELDON, aged 52 years.
On the 28th ultimo, GEORGE S. JOHNSON, aged 14 years.
In Camden, on the 29th ultimo, Mr. AARON NUTT, aged 90 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ALICE McCABE, aged 56.
On the 29th ultimo, Mr. BENJ. HINKLE, aged 46 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS JOHNSON, aged 74.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. TAMER COOKE, aged 91 years.
On the 27th ultimo, EMILY S. CUMMINS.
On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE BURTON, aged 72.
On the 27th ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL JEFFRIES, aged 74.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. JAMES McCONNELL, aged 63.
On the 26th ultimo, BENJAMIN, son of Benj. and Rebecca Snowden, aged 14 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET MOORE, aged 32.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY McCALLEN, aged 76.
On the 28th ultimo, JOHN QUINN, aged 22 years.
On the 25th ultimo, at Harrisburg, Pa., Prof. CHARLES D. SIMS, aged 55 years.
In Camden, on the 26th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN McDOWELL, aged 68 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM KEYSER, aged 61.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. HESTER BATCHELOR, aged 72.
On the 24th ultimo, SAMUEL H. JENKINS, aged 31 years.
At Chester, Pa. on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH HUNTER, aged 8 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET TOUNTELOT, aged 58 years.
On the 27th ultimo, JOSEPH E. HAINES, aged 39 years.
On the 27th ultimo, MARGARET, wife of John Sharkey, aged 70 years.

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nov29-tf

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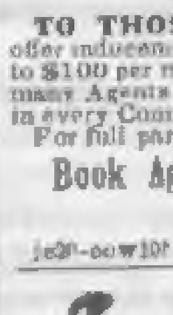

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N. B.—The above Watches can be sent safely by mail or express to any part of the Union. jan17-eowly

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LADIES or GENTLEMEN who have not seen a copy of GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for some time should send for a copy, (which will be sent without charge,) and note its many improvements. CHARLES G. LELAND, Editor. oct3-3t

LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS.—J. G. MAXWELL & SON, Wholesale and Retail Stores, 1026 Chestnut Street, four doors below Eleventh, and 318 South Second Street, below Spruce. Manufactories—Nos. 95 and 97 George Street, below Tenth, and Second Street, near Union. Orders made at a few hours' notice. Prepaid orders executed promptly, and sent by mail. oct3 [illegible]

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WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, at Reduced Prices, No. 622 Market St., below Sixth St. THOMAS W. BAILY, Successor to W. BAILY & SON. oct3-tf

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RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE, THAT,
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The current literature, and the prominent questions of the day, will receive due attention; while, at the same time, no pains will be spared to present an attractive miscellany of Tales, Sketches and Poetry, from the best writers.

Among other contributors, they are permitted to name the following, from whom articles may be expected:

William H. Prescott,
Ralph Waldo Emerson,
William C. Bryant,
Henry W. Longfellow,
Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D.
Nathaniel Hawthorne,
John G. Whittier,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
James R. Lowell,
J. Lothrop Motley,
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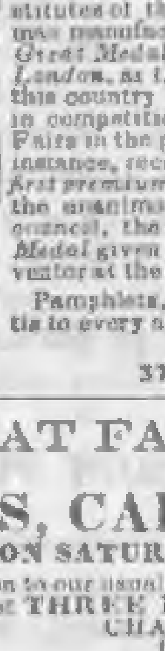

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Wit and Humor.

A JACK AT ALL TRADES.

A druggist in New York advertised for a clerk; and, among other applicants, was a tall, awkward looking fellow, apparently twenty-five years of age, coarsely dressed, without stockings, and with a skin as rough as that of a rhinoceros. After staring awhile at the splendid bottles and other things that attracted his notice, he broke out:—"Are you the drugger of this 'ere establishment?" "I am the druggist, sir," replied the owner. "Well, I thought so as soon as I came in," said the fellow. "I know a thing or two, for all I look so. I've been readin' in the news-prints about how you are in want of a clerk, and thinks I, as soon as I cast my eyes on it, now that place will suit me to a hair; and so I've come right away up here to make a bargain." "Have you been bred to the business?" inquired the druggist. "I can't say I have, exactly," replied the lout, "but I have been bred to farmin', and I have a brother that can chop wood like a horse—which I s'pose will answer all the same." "But," said the druggist, "I should like to get a man that understands something of the business." "Why, for that matter," returned the fellow, "I could soon larn—I'm a purty ingenus fellow about anything I undertake. Why, it's only last winter I made a whole new pig-trough out of my head. What do you think of that sir?" "I suppose you found the stuff already fitted to your hands. But I imagine it is easier for you to make a pig-trough than to be a druggist." "Try me, then, and see," said the persevering applicant; "you don't know till you try. Now what'll you wager I can't tell what's in that 'ere round bottle there in the winder?" "I'm not in the habit of betting," said the druggist; "but I doubt very much whether you can tell." "You won't bet, ha?" replied the fellow; "then I'll tell you without. That stuff that looks so blue in that 'ere bottle is hydrostatic-muriatic-problematic generatic acid. I larnt that of the doctor in our town. Don't you think, now, sir, I'm a purty ingenus scholar?" "I must say you have given a very fair specimen," replied the owner of the shop; "but as it takes some years to learn the druggist's business, I think you had better engage in something which you can understand more readily." "You think I had, ha?" said the fellow, with a mortified look. He then stood musing for awhile, and drumming on the counter; when all of a sudden, seeming to have caught a new idea, he burst out, "By jingo, mister, I b'leve you're right; and now I think on't, I'll go this minute and see if I can git a place in a *livery stable*."

HUNTING UP A SOFT PLACE.

I was down to see the widow yesterday, said Tim's uncle, and she gave me dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted, and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt rather comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen over head and ears in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was a coming—that I was a going to court her. Presently—I couldn't help it—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked when I had placed it there in my blandest tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression, I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity, right into hers:

"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in all my life!"

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones—

"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you mustn't; but I couldn't hold in any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it mustn't go any further.

A READY WITNESS.—During the course of a trial at the recent assizes, says the Durham Advertiser, a learned counsel handed a document up to a witness—a quiet going north countryman, under cross-examination—which the latter appeared to peruse with great attention. After he had finished, and the paper had been handed back to the learned gentleman, the following colloquy ensued:

Counsel—"Have you read that document?"

Witness—"Yes."

Counsel—"Have you ever seen it before?"

Witness—"Yes, I think I have."

Counsel (evidently thinking the moment had arrived to crush his victim)—"Now, sir, on your oath, tell me when you *last* saw that paper."

Witness—"Why, I should think it cannot be much more than half a minute since!"

The cool and ready way in which the witness gave the answer, set the court in a perfect roar of laughter, in which the judge heartily joined.

A CAUTION TO FARMERS' BOYS.—A Yankee lad whose father was a farmer, went into the barnyard to play, a short time ago, and being detained a prisoner by a thunder storm, he fell asleep on a bag of guano. The old gentleman, when the storm was over, went into the barnyard to look after his son, and met a giant eight feet high, coming out of the barn. "Hallo! who are you?" he cried, "what are you doing here?" "Why father," squeaked the Goliah, "it's me; don't you know Tommy?" "You!" the astonished parent exclaimed, "why Tommy, how on earth did you get stretched out so long in so short a time?" "Why, father," replied the boy, looking down upon the gaping old man, "I slept on those bags of guano as you put in the barn, and that and the lightning together has done the business."

RIPE PEACHES.

A PARODY ON OLD IRONSIDES.

BY A SCHOOLBOY.

Aye! pull the rosy peaches down!
  Long have they hung so high,
And many a boy has watched their growth,
  And heaved a longing sigh.
Beneath them rung the truant's shout,
  When burst the bulldog's war;
Their rosy cheeks and plump round sides
  Shall hang on high no more.

Their sides once green in springtime gay,
  When farmers seed do sow,
When winds went hurrying overhead,
  And blossoms white below,
No more shall feel the cold northwest,
  With voice so pure and free;
The truants of the school shall pluck
  The peaches from the tree.

Oh! better that their ripened sides
  Should be made into pie;
Their juices cause the mouth to weep,
  And there they all should lie;
Open your mouths, ye hungry crew,
  Out every freestone tear,
And give unto the appetite
  Their pulpy richness rare.

WOULD KEEP UP.—A livery stable keeper, named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turn-out to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr, "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, just look abere, old feller," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!" Spurr instantly retired to a stall and swooned among the straw.

Agricultural.

GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING MADE EASY.

FROM THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

The attention of all our readers, who desire to participate in the pleasures and profits of vineyard culture in the South, is called to the excellent treatise of A. DeCaradeuc, Esq., in the present number. Like very many others we heretofore have been deterred from entering largely into the culture of the vine, by fear of the expense and difficulty attending it. We have been taught to look upon the production of good wine in the South, as exceedingly problematical. No one doubted the capacity of our sunny clime for the growth of the grape; "but"—the making of good wine afterwards—there lay the difficulty! Well, that difficulty has vanished—the mystery is solved—"granite laboratories" and deep cellars are perhaps, well enough in their way, but by no means indispensable; and hereafter, any man may plant his vineyard with the same certainty of being able to make a largely paying crop of good wine, that he would feel of making bread from his corn or wheat field.

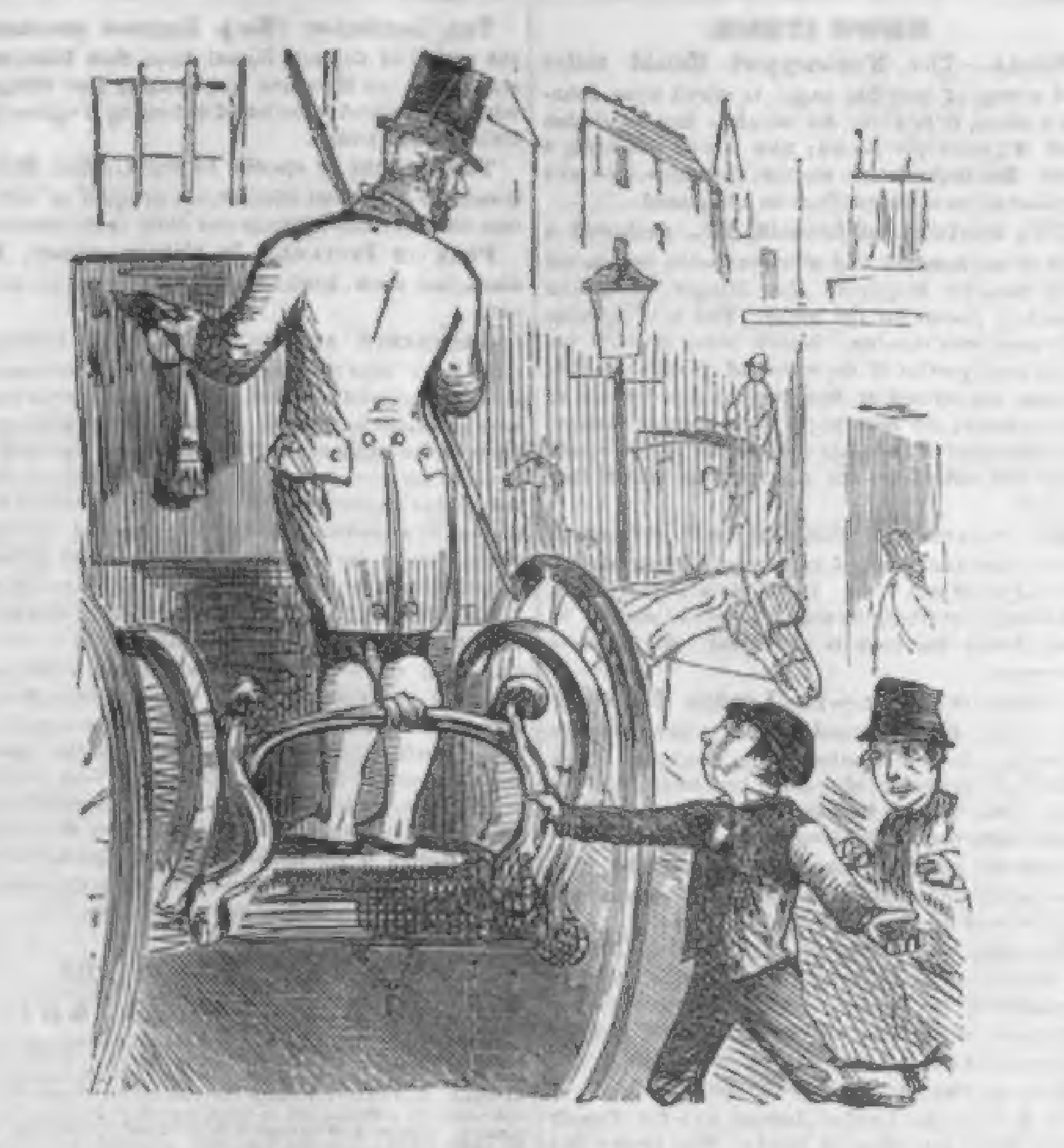
We have recently made two visits to the vineyards of Dr. McDonnald, and our correspondent, Mr. DeCaradeuc. We have inquired minutely into their systems of planting and culture—we have examined their soils, locations and aspects—have eaten their grapes, and drank their wines of various flavors and qualities—but all *pure*, invigorating, and vastly superior to the foreign trash for which we pay so dearly. We have, (so far as our brief time would permit,) familiarized ourselves with their processes for making these wines, and with all the advantages and disadvantages of the business; and the result is, a deliberate conviction that the *field culture of the grape*, as practiced by these gentlemen, is one of the *surest and most remunerative branches of rural industry*, and destined in a very few years to become of great importance to the South. There are thousands of acres of uplands all around us, too poor for either cotton or corn, that will pay from $200 to $500 per acre in wine, the third or fourth year from planting, and which, if properly managed, may be made to clear expenses from the very outset. Much of this land can be purchased for a mere trifle, (five to ten dollars per acre,) and if it will pay even two hundred dollars per acre in wine, after the third year, what other field crop now cultivated in the South can begin to compare with it? The experience of the vinters in Ohio, shows an average yield of four hundred gallons to the acre, and that we can safely count on equalling this, need not be doubted.

In fact, the testimony of both the gentlemen above alluded to, (who have had sixteen years experience,) as well as the recent successes of Mr. Axt, and many others justifies us in claiming for the Culture of the grape far more attention than it has ever yet received in the South, and of earnestly urging it upon the notice of our subscribers.

We can fully endorse, from our own knowledge, all the statements of Mr. DeCaradeuc; and commend his article to the special attention of our readers. We do not claim *perfection* for his system, nor does Mr. C. himself—but we do contend that it is the cheapest, easiest, and surest way of profitably cultivating the vine, yet offered to the public.

GRAPE GROWING AND WINE MAKING MADE EASY.

EDITORS SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—Agreeably to your request, I now hand you a few remarks about our method of planting out and taking care of a vineyard. I say, "our method," for I claim it as peculiar to Dr. McDonnald and myself; and we have adopted it, not through ignorance of more complicated and more costly methods, but, first, on account of its *simplicity* and *cheapness*, and then, having well succeeded, why should we alter our course? I do not pretend to say it is *the best*, nor do I wish to deter any so disposed to go to the expense of trenching their lands three feet in depth; but there are very many farmers who have not the means to incur such expenses, who wish to plant out an acre or two of vines, but are literally frightened out of it, not only by the mystery and difficulties which have, heretofore, been connected with the business, but, also, by fear of the money which is to come out of their pockets before they receive any returns. First, so many hundred dollars for trenching, and grubbing, and manuring; then as many more for vines; then so many more to learn how to stick the cuttings into the ground; and then so many more to learn how to prune; then to learn how to make the wine, how to keep it, &c.; and, to crown it all, so many thousands for a cellar. And, if it so happens, he is able and willing to stand all this, a hundred to one, he is frightened half out of his senses, and gives up in despair of ever being able to unravel the mystery, and master the awful science of wine making, especially if he happens to hear of "granite laboratories" being built for the express purpose of imparting instruction for a remuneration!



AN IRRESISTIBLE ARGUMENT.

FOOTMAN.—"Get away, boy—get away, boy!"

BOY.—"Shan't! and if yer don't let me ride, I'll send this 'ere mud over yer calves!"

PREPARATION OF THE LAND.

I prefer new land—such as would bring from four to six bushels of corn to the acre; select, if possible, a piece on easterly, south easterly exposure, and on a hill side, if you have such; if you have not, level land will do, provided it be not too retentive of moisture. Sandy soil is the best, although dry clay hill-sides will answer very well. Clear the land and break it up with ploughs, as for corn; but all trees must, of course, be cut down and removed. Now get a parcel of small stakes, from three to four feet long, and proceed to mark out the rows; if the land be level let the rows be straight; but if on a hill-side, lay them off horizontally, or level without regard to straightness; this is in order to prevent the washing away of the soil, (see one of the late numbers of the *Cultivator* for a simple levelling instrument.) I make my rows eight or nine feet apart. I prefer that distance on account of driving carts between to haul stakes, or manure, when it becomes necessary, or in vintage time. Having staked off the rows to your satisfaction, proceed to open the trenches or ditches; let them be about two feet wide, and from fourteen inches deep, large ploughs followed by long shovels, will very quickly do the work in sandy soil. The next thing is to plant; this can be done, in our Southern climate, from the middle of November to the end of March. I prefer rooted plants; others give the preference to cuttings; the first will save you one year, and you can plant them deeper, which is a great object. Make yourself a wooden compass, with an opening of four feet six inches at the points, and mark out the distance for your vines in the bottom of the trenches; drop the vines in their places, and proceed to plant them. Two men, with short-handled hoes, will plant a great many in a day; one deepens the hole to let the roots go some inches deeper than the bottom of the ditch; the other places the vine upright and holds it until the first has put earth around it. If you have other hands let them follow with hoes and refill the trench, so that the top eye of the vine will be about on a level with the surface. Put a short stake to each vine, to mark its place. There is nothing more to do until the spring grass will call your ploughs and hoes into use; then work them as you would corn or cotton. You may plant two rows of corn or peas between the rows, and they will not interfere with the vines in the least.

FIRST PRUNING.

In the winter, at any time between the 1st of December and the 15th of March, take a sharp knife, remove every branch except one, and cut that down above the second or third eye of the last growth; break the land with a half-shovel plough as for corn, passing the nearest furrow about twelve inches from the vines. Give them a stake about four feet long: they will, in the spring, shoot out many suckers, and put out eyes where they have no business; cut out the suckers with a long handled chissel, and rub off all the eyes excepting the two or three you left in pruning; these, as they grow up, should be fastened to the stakes; with bits of soft string, bark, or anything else you may have at hand. Keep the land cultivated with plough and hoe, and plant peas between.

SECOND PRUNING.

The second winter's pruning is a repetition of the first, but you must replace the small stakes by good lasting wood, from six to eight feet long. There will be some fruit. The summer's work is the same as above.

THIRD PRUNING.

The third winter's pruning is different; remove all branches or canes, save the two strongest; of those, cut the highest about eighteen inches long and the other about three inches—the longest is intended for fruit; the latter, which is called "spur," is to make wood for next year. Towards spring, bend this long branch *horizontally*, and fasten the end of it strongly to a short stake, placed at a sufficient distance. In the West this cane is made to form a complete circle by fastening the end of it to the foot of the vine; this is called "arching." The object of arching is to moderate and regulate the flow of the sap, in order that it may fill all the eyes on the cane, for if the cane were left perpendicular, the sap would pass the lowest eyes, and rush upwards into the top. But, in my opinion, arching overdoes the business, and the sap, whose tendency is always upwards, will most generally stop at the eyes on the upper part of the arch, and develope them strongly; and those below will put out very weakly, or not at all—while, when the cane is laid *horizontally*, they all get their share much more equally divided. The vine should also be strongly fastened to the large stake. All who plant vines must plant out Osier Willow, whose twigs are superior to any other for tying, although I have made use of the young twigs of Black Gum, or of the Wild Willow, and of the bark of young Hickory.

During this summer, the vines will throw out strong branches, which must be fastened to the stakes as they grow, until they reach the top, when they may be left to hang over. Plough and hoe as usual; plough deep in winter, and in summer make use of a scraper. After this, the winter pruning is always, more or less, a repetition of this last; one spur, and one or two bearing canes, according to the strength of the vine. In pruning, let the cut be clean and close, leaving no small ends of dead wood, which will surely injure the old stem. Among old vines, a small toothed butcher-saw will greatly assist the operation.

I do not approve of summer pruning; vines and fruit require all the shelter they can muster to preserve them from our burning sun. Persons engaged in the grape culture should not lose sight of pruning; it is to moderate and equalize the production of fruit, thereby improving its quality, and sparing the health and life of the vine. We are often told that this or that person has a vine, which is never pruned, climbs to the summit of high trees, bears abundantly, is very old, etc. A single vine is very different from twelve hundred to the acre—and in many parts of Italy, where they have adopted the tree culture, the quality of the wine, which formerly ranked high, has completely been destroyed. I never wish to see my vines average more than from twelve to fifteen bunches each. Quality is better than quantity.

The Catawba seemed to have usurped the most prominent place among the natives. At the West it is by far the greatest favorite; perhaps, there are others do not succeed as well. At the South, most persons are following in the wake of our Western brethren, and have taken it for granted that none others are worth cultivating, and condemn without a trial, or even without knowing them. The Catawba is certainly a beautiful looking grape, and a great bearer; but its honied and wild musky flavor, (which is unfortunately too strongly retained in the wine,) is a very serious objection for a palate accustomed to a more delicate fruit or beverage. The "boquet," or perfume, of wine is a precious quality, but this has "too much of the good thing."

Foreign grapes must be discarded for wine making. After a fair trial, we, like many others, have come to the conclusion that they cannot stand our climate.

Of all the natives that have come within my reach, I give a decided preference to the Warren and the Isabella, both great bearers, but, like the Catawba, subject to the rot. The former makes a delicate wine of the color of Madeira, but not so strong; the latter, a light beautiful colored Claret, very similar to Bordeaux wines. I, also, like what we here call the Burgundy and Black July, (both misnamed,)—the first being the best table grape we have in this country, and making a delightful Madeira colored wine; the Black July makes a very dark, rich, red wine, not unlike Port. These two vines are not great bearers, but their fruit does not rot.

MAKING WINE.

My process for making wine is different from that followed in the West and in Georgia. The grapes being gathered, and all unsound or green berries removed, they are thrown into large tubs, or half barrels, and thoroughly crushed with the hand; the contents are then emptied into large vats, (hogsheads,) which are filled to within fourteen inches of the top; cover these with homespun and boards, to keep out gnats and flies. In a very short time fermentation commences; the mass swells and rises to the top, and should be pressed down with a wooden paddle, two or three times per day. The next morning the clear juice is drawn from a faucet, near the bottom, and poured into a barrel; when no more juice comes out, the mass in the vat is then carried to the press and what liquid remains in it is squeezed out; this is usually very thick, and is put into another barrel, as it is of inferior quality. Be sure that your barrels are filled to within three inches of the bung; less than that would leave too much air in contact with the wine, and would cause it to sour; more than that would cause it to overflow in the fermentation which for a few days will be very brisk; when this has subsided, fill the barrels to one inch of the bung, with wine reserved for that purpose, and close the bungs tightly. Be very careful that the barrels, tubs, vats, etc., be all perfectly clean and sweet, as the slightest degree of uncleanliness would be fatal to the wine.

There now remains nothing to do until the next winter, when the wine is drawn into other barrels in order to clarify it. The dark Claret is allowed to ferment on the skins for four or five days, in order to extract all the color; it is then treated as the others.

Another item, believed by many to be positively indispensable, and the cost of which is very considerable is a *cellar*. Till now our wine cellars have been but very slight board-houses on the surface, and we have lost no wine from acidity, except where we could trace it to leakage, or some other cause. And in order still more to cheapen and simplify the business, and remove all mystery from it, I have taught my negroes to go through the entire process, from the planting and pruning to the bottling of the wine. They are fully as intelligent as the peasantry of Europe, and much more to be depended upon. Here we have another decided advantage over the Western folks, who are dependent upon the caprices of foreign laborers, and many are the airs they put on when they come to this country!

By following the above directions, which I have endeavored to give in such a manner as to be within the understanding of all, and making use of a little judgment in modifying them according to circumstances, the most inexperienced farmer can set himself out a vineyard, and skill will come with experience. I wish to see as many as possible engage in the business, as the more we are the better it will be for all, and centuries will elapse before it ceases to pay. We hope, ere long, to see a Southern Society of Wine Growers, with its centre at Augusta, offering to the world pure and luscious wines, of all hues and of all flavors.

I should state that Dr. McDonnald's mode of planting vines is more simple than mine. He makes no ditches, but only holes, about sixteen inches in diameter and eighteen deep, and plants the cuttings in these. His vines are remarkably fine, as all who see them can testify. Ditches require more labor at first, but then there is the advantage of having that part of your land broken which the plough cannot afterwards reach. A. C.

Woodward, S. C., Sept., 1857.

LIGHT AND HEAVY WEIGHTS.

The following remarks by Harry Hieover, in the *London Field*, apply of course as well to carriages behind as to riders upon horses:—

I have often seen (and no doubt many others have seen) two men "setting" or riding at each other, and sometimes trying the speed of their respective horses, and this totally regardless of their respective weights. This I have seen done with horses both apparently equal to about the same weight, yet one carrying eleven, the other thirteen stone.* Nothing can be more absurd. If men want to race, race properly in a proper place, and with proper weights. If they want steeple-racing, there are plenty of places where they may show off, or show in, as the case may be; but I am good sportsman enough to eschew both with hounds.

I have often remarked that very heavy weights are often rather proud of their weight. Such men as the late Mr. Richard Gurney, Mr. Edge, Col. Wyndham, and others, may well be proud of the way they kept with hounds, notwithstanding their colossal weights. Why they might be to a certain degree proud of the circumstance is, because it shows they rode straight, bold, and with no ordinary judgment as regards hunting their horses, and the effect of ground and pace on him. Without these qualifications, no heavy weight can ride up to hounds. To this end it is desirable for all men to know their actual weight. It is true a man of thirteen stone cannot make himself lighter by knowing his weight; but it will tell him he must not take the same liberties with his horse as may the man of ten, unless the latter, even with that light weight, is under horsed. The blessing (for it is one to a hunting man) of being a light, or at least a very moderate weight, is, that with a proper selection of horse he may always have a stone or two (in vulgar phrase) "to the good." But let not light weights deceive themselves; there is a limit to the advantages of being so. A horse unfairly or injudiciously ridden with a light weight will, as a matter of course, be more distressed than the one carefully ridden by a heavy man. I have seen many a horse brought to a stand-still by light weights, but very rarely by heavy ones. The truth is, the former at times take liberties, the latter never do. I can fancy the feelings with which a heavy man must contemplate the next field that he sees to be a holding fallow, or grass; I can only compare them to those of a coachman with a weak team seeing a hundred yards of freshly-gravelled road. The light weight may think little of such obstruction; but if he rides unthinkingly, he will find his horse thinks a good deal about it, or at least feels its effects. There can be but two causes for a light weight bringing his horse to a stand, or near it; he must either own a bad horse, or have ridden him unfairly. Let all young riders recollect the old truism, "'Tis the pace that kills." Horses will do a great deal under heavy weight where the pace is a reasonable one; but the best animals—aye, Blink Bonny herself, with "a feather" on her—is to be beat, only make the pace fast enough.

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* A stone is fourteen pounds.

THE RULING PASSION.—A startling and somewhat ludicrous instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" was that of the aged maiden lady, who being told, during her last sickness, that she could not recover, remained silent a moment, under the dread and unexpected intelligence, and then exclaimed, "*Oh, what will become of my poor cats!*"

The Riddler.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 13, 22, 7, 39, 31, 4, 36, 43, is a kind of motion caused by the continued operation of two forces.

My 25, 2, 10, 45, 32 is an element which some philosophers suppose begins from the limits of the atmosphere, and occupies the heavenly space.

My 41, 44, 22, 43, 14, 6, 5, 25, is the principal ingredient of atmospheric air. In a pure state it is a colorless gas without smell or taste.

My 9, 4, 21, 42, 27, 18, 40, 16, is a metal that is harder than iron, and resists the action of acids and alkalies.

My 5, 43, 1, 37, 11, 28, 30, is a rock composed of quartz, feldspar and mica, confusedly crystallized together.

My 46, 17, 4, 34, 29, 31, 7, is a mineral substance, of a yellow color, insoluble in water, but fusible by heat.

My 26, 8, 42, 3, 32, is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, and the most necessary for living beings of any in nature, except air.

My 19, 33, 18, is a name given to the elements, which appear at the respective poles, when a body is subjected to electro-chemical decomposition.

My 15, 27, 12, 1, is a mineral capable of being split into elastic plates of extreme thinness.

My 20, 39, 7, 41, 33, 21, is the strong transparent membrane in the forepart of the eye, through which the rays of light pass.

My 34, 3, 26, 43, 24, 4, 30, 17, 13, is supposed to be formed by the action of heat, on vast beds of coal.

My whole will be, when completed, one of the greatest achievements of art. L. A. M.

Pittsburg, Pa.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 5, 2, 2, 3, 3, is a county in Ohio.

My 2, 5, 3, 2, is a lake in Ireland.

My 3, 13, 1, 2, 5, is a river in Africa.

My 4, 5, 13, 2, is a county in Ohio.

My 5, 19, 14, 14, is a county in Ohio.

My 6, 3, 14, 19, 3, is a county in North Carolina.

My 7, 4, 3, 6, is a river in Asia.

My 8, 5, 7, 7, 14, is a county in Texas.

My 9, 6, 12, 13, 3, 3, is a county in Wisconsin.

My 10, 15, 4, 7, 13, 10, is a county in Virginia.

My 11, 13, 7, 2, is a river in Africa.

My 12, 10, 14, 14, is a county in Iowa.

My 13, 7, 7, 13, 11, 10, 13, 14, is one of the United States.

My 14, 10, 7, 12, 11, 2, is a county in Missouri.

My 15, 10, 13, 11, 4, is one of the United States.

My 16, 7, 7, 2, 3, is a lake in Ireland.

My 17, 2, 4, is a lake in Ireland.

My 18, 19, 11, 13, 16, is a county in Michigan.

My 19, 11, 13, 19, 2, is a river in Vermont.

My 20, 16, 18, 17, 2, is a town in Scotland.

My whole was a celebrated General of the Revolutionary War. E. McBRIDE.

Fayette, Alleghany Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 27, 4, 6, 20, 31, 2, is a city in Europe.

My 6, 32, 34, 11, is a river in one of the Southern States.

My 14, 9, 3, 25, 19, 33, was an English poet.

My 26, 22, 10, 27, 32, 16, is a county in Ohio.

My 14, 4, 18, 12, 10, is a very useful animal.

My 1, 6, 17, 24, is a lake in the United States.

My 21, 26, 16, 19, 25, 12, is a person's name.

My 29, 15, 30, is a very destructive animal.

My 27, 7, 23, 30, is a port of a ship.

My whole was the name of a French General.

West Chester. JOSEPH WILSON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Without the aid my *first* doth give,
  No knowledge you'd possess;
Without it, kings would never live,
  And kingdoms would grow less.

My *second* 's a common article,
  The truth you will not doubt!
Of water 'tis a particle,
  You could not wash without.

My *third* 's the end of discontent,
  It comes in time of plenty;
And that you've seen it oft in Lent,
  I'll bet you two to twenty.

My *fourth* doth end both time and space,
  'Tis seen through every year;
When summer-time doth spring efface,
  In June it will appear.

My *whole*'s a name of sweetest sound,
  'Tis borne by many a lady fair,
And *one*, at least, there may be found,
  With hazel eyes and auburn hair.

GARMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If the name of a wine with yourself you combine,
  And a partnership place in the rear,
You'll an ornament view, which if taste you pursu
  At the front of your home will appear.

Richmond. S. S.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

1 Men-do-coin.
2. A-suk-in.
3. Dog-ran.
4 Oh-u-sit!
5. Oh! U masse!
6 Dan Luck.
7. Our-bel-men.
8. Boer.

CINR

TRIGOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There is an inaccessible object on the west side of river, whose height is required; knowing the angle o elevation on the east bank to be 30 degrees, also, 5 feet to the eastward the angle of elevation to be degrees, 30 minutes; supposing the banks to be on horizontal line. W. K. H

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What mountains did the Muses resemble? Answer.—The Appenine. (Happy nine.)

☞ Why is the letter F like sin. Ans.—Because makes all fall.

☞ When is a ship like an apprentice? Ans.—When she is "bound out."

☞ When is a nutmeg like a prison window Ans.—When it is "grated."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—If on a tempor superiority of the one party, the other is to resort scission of the Union, no Federal Government can e exist—*Thomas Jefferson.* CHARADE.—Whale-bon CHARADE.—Rat, (rat—at—tar.) RIDDLE.—(Sea—cap—pace—sap—case.) GEOGRAPH ANAGRAMS.—Sine Head—Urrie Head—Comori Corrientes—White Cores—Mobile—Gila. AR METICAL PROBLEM.—Town lost $35 20-100.

GEORGE THE FOURTH'S DRESS.—His was an object of the greatest attention to last; and, incredible as it may appear, I h been told by those about him, and by Bat lor, who, on the death of the Duke of Y entered his service as valet-de-chambre, the plain coat, from its repeated alterations, w often cost $1,500 before it met his ap bation. This, of course, included the se journeys of the master and his men backw and forwards to Windsor, as they almost on the road.—*Raikes' Journal.*